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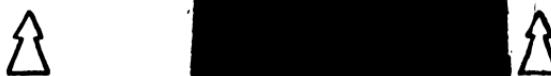
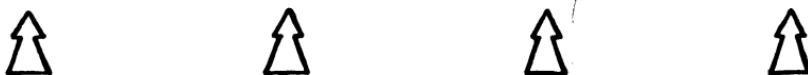
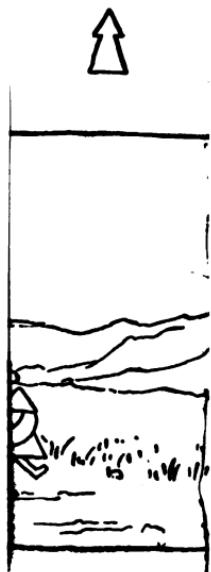
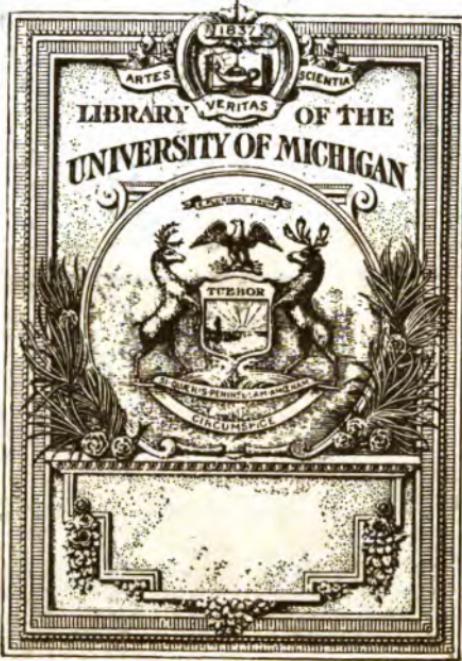
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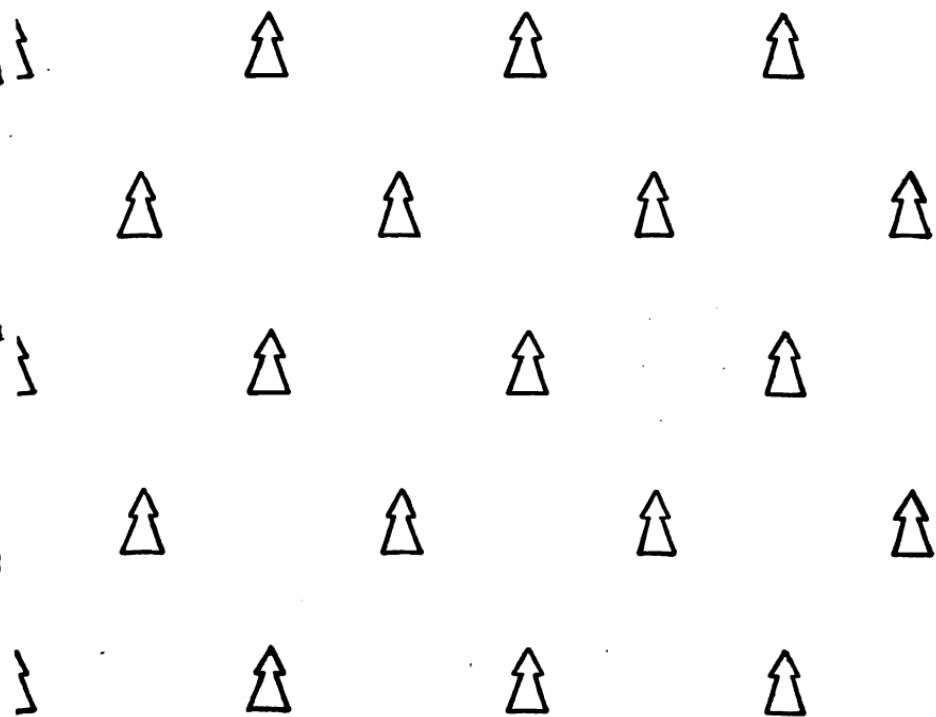
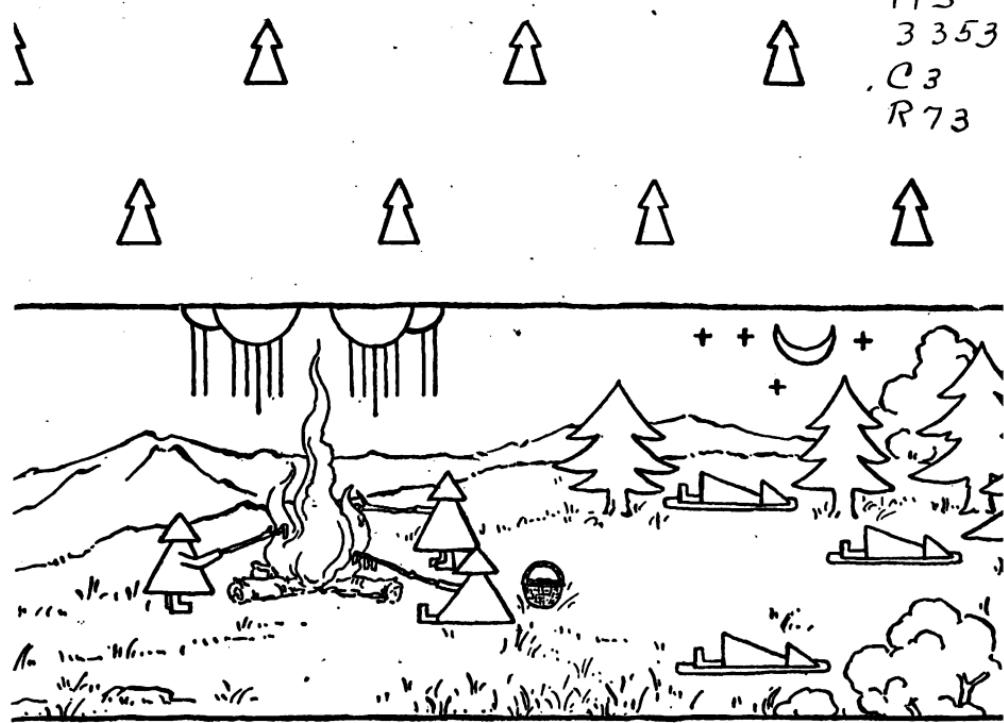
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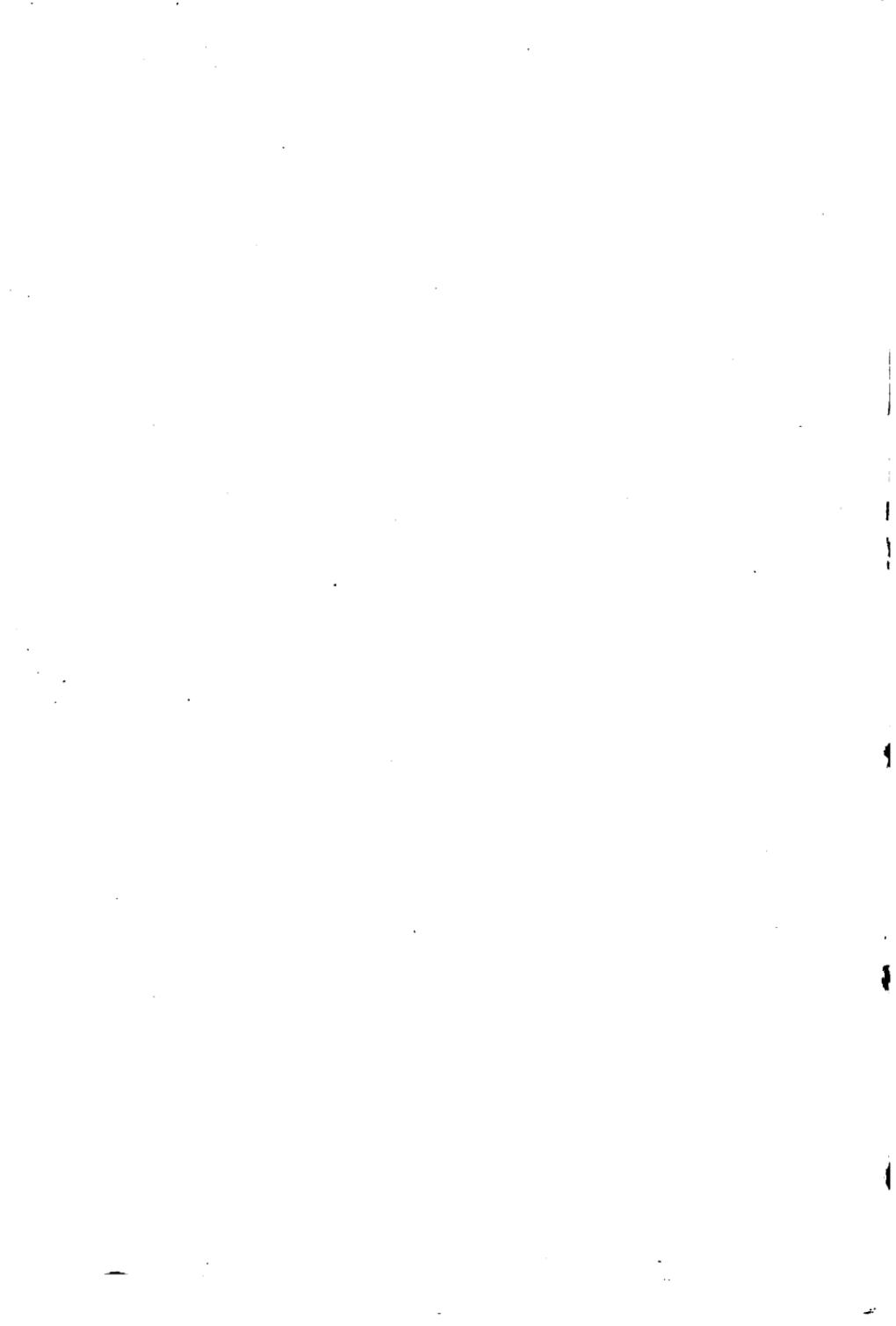
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**SEBAGO-WOHELO
CAMP FIRE GIRLS**



From an original portrait photograph by Gertrude Kasebier.

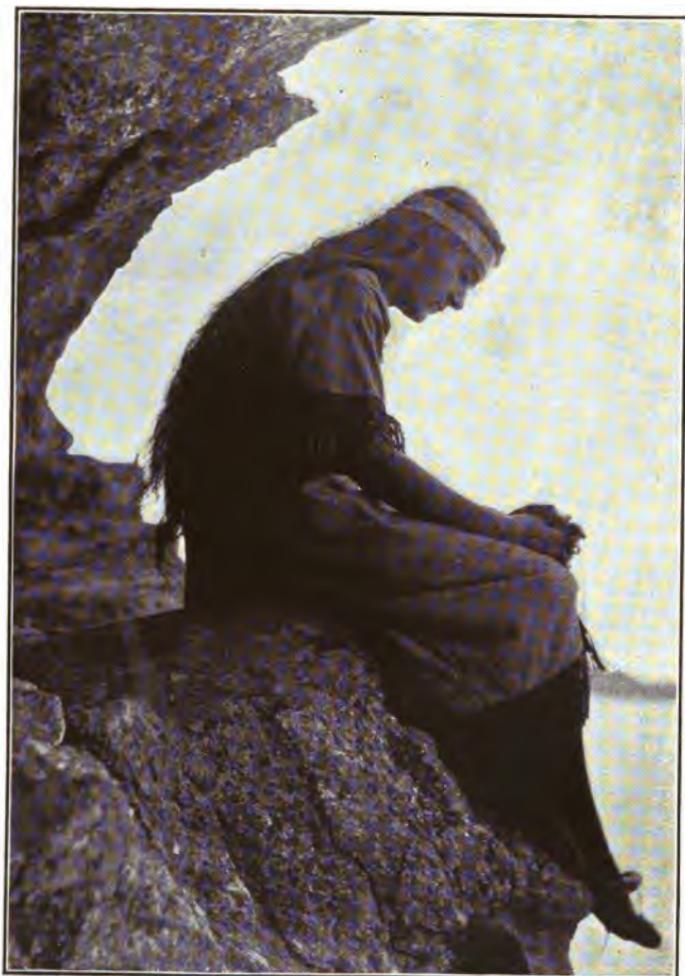
CHARLOTTE VETTER GULICK



From an original portrait photograph by Alice Boughton.

HIITENI

Mrs. Gulick in Camp Fire Ceremonial Gown



The Camp Fire Girl

Sebago-Wohelo Camp Fire Girls

BY

ETHEL ROGERS

**WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
MRS. LUTHER HALSEY GULICK**



**BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN
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1915**

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED to all
mothers and daughters, in the
hope that it will make the way
simpler for them to have the best
of times together, and so bind
them more closely in the common
interests of the home.

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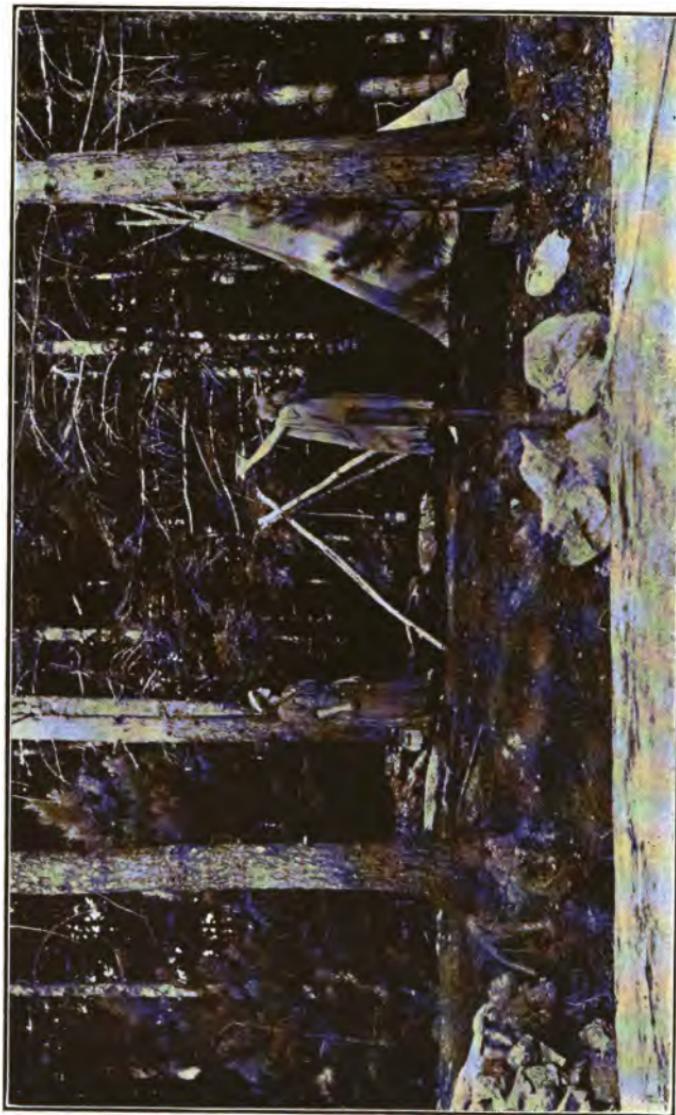


Primitive Woman

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The Fire Spirit



INTRODUCTION



Ek-o-le-da

INTRODUCTION

FROM the time Dr. Gulick and I were married we agreed that in all things our first consideration should be for our children—where we should live, and how we should live, were to be decided by what seemed best for them.

So we went camping the summer before the first child was born, and we have camped every summer for twenty-seven years, with but two exceptions, when we were in Europe.

Vividly I remember those outdoor experiences, but especially that first summer, lived not only for ourselves, but for the child coming to us. I found the best selection of kindergarten songs to be had and learned every song in the book. I used to sit by the water's edge for hours, singing to the guitar and dreaming of the life that was to be.

All our outdoor life has been associated with music. For twenty years we camped on the Thames River near New London, Con-

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necticut. There we invited friends and relatives to camp nearby. One summer there were seventy-five people about us in family groups. And every morning we all met to sing. Sometimes we gathered around a fire, according to the weather; but unless it rained we met out under the sky, and sang sometimes for hours at a time. Our favorites were some of the immortal old hymns. If I could ask those who made that group what they now remember of those summers with the greatest pleasure, I believe that most would speak first of the singing together.

Our children grew up with the freedom, the vigor and the joy that this outdoor life gave. We tried many experiments. Some summers we had helpers to do the work of the camp and care for the children. But we soon found that when we camped alone and worked together, life had a richness and sweetness that was lacking when the tasks were done for us and opportunities for services were reduced by paid helpers.

I have always believed that necessary work could be made interesting if imagination, insight and affection are brought to it. Even the humblest task you can imagine be-

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comes a challenge. The system of honors now used by the Camp Fire Girls was developed largely from this idea as we worked it out with our children in camp.

When we lived without helpers we lived, too, more spontaneously. Seldom were all three meals of the day eaten in the same place. In such little ways we made life a daily adventure.

When the impulse came we sailed away on the Sound for a cruise—just ourselves and the children—to share whatever trials of endurance or emergencies or dangers or pleasures might come.

Our family learned the ways of boats and of wind on the water. They learned promptly to co-ordinate thought with action, and many lessons of judgment and resourcefulness.

The children also became acquainted with the beaches and islands along both shores of the Sound, places associated for them with many events of treasured memory. Again and again we revisited these favorite spots, which they had learned to love because of some variety of shells found, or the surf bathing afforded, or it might be for a dozen other things.

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By the time the eldest of the five was twenty and the youngest nine, outsiders began to discover in the older children the value of their experience. They were in demand at summer camps, for they knew how to do things.

So, to keep our family together, we had to start a camp of our own—and face new problems. We wanted to have our children learn in camp various hand-crafts, that called for expert paid instructors, and we wanted, besides, to give them the human, social experience of entertaining a group of their friends—both projects beyond our means. So a plan for the sharing of expenses was formulated, and in this way Sebago-Wohelo was started. It is told in the story how we got our name.

This name, “Wohelo,” I gave to the Camp Fire Girls with, at first, a sense of deep personal loss. It was the name of my camp, and my daughters and camp girls felt that it was personal, sacred. Before they could see the reasonableness of it I had to explain what it might mean to have thousands of girls, instead of merely the few who gathered with us in the

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summer time, trying for a balance of Work, Health and Love in their lives.

The camp is now six years old, and no two summers have been quite alike. One year I had the wish that these girls who come to me should know the joys of cooking, and learn to meet with patience and good cheer its hardships. I wanted them to think and discover by living in this primitive way, how this part of woman's work can be simplified, and the drudgery turned into a stimulating exercise of talent.

I think that woman's work is inherently far more fascinating than man's. It has, for example, the greatest variety. To let it become monotonous is just stupid. We must think as deeply and profoundly about it as men do about their work, to make it as interesting and as successful. There is nothing in man's world to be compared in its possibilities for rich living with the creation and maintenance of a beautiful home and the care of a child from babyhood till it is ready to face the world alone.

So that summer I taught my camp girls the fun of cooking, and the drudgery connected with it. Under a talented guide they

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did all the cooking and dish-washing for a month, and learned many important things. It was soon discovered, for instance, that there was more romance and pleasure in eating the evening meal informally, in true camp fashion, than in sitting formally at a table. So supper committees were appointed to seek new and varied places to eat, and the equipment was limited to a cup and spoon—which each washed at the water's edge.

It soon fell to the committee to arrange entertainment for the evening as well. This was not obligatory, but was esteemed a privilege, and the more enterprising often gave us most delightful surprises. What a group of bright girls banded together can think of and execute in an impromptu way is astonishing. Indeed, I can imagine an engaging and serviceable book written on this phase of camp life alone.

I was amused and pleased the next summer to be faced with a miniature rebellion when we began the season with the former custom of serving supper at table. They loved the simpler way, as I did, and we returned to it for good. But we could not have learned this except by doing the work our-

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selves, as we did that summer, and so learning the joy of it.

It was much the same with the hand-crafts. I felt that two hours of each morning in this work was not too much for the well-being of the girls, but at first I was not sure of the willing response that I felt to be more important than the work itself. The work was therefore not made obligatory, although the two-hour period was provided. My fears were unfounded. As the interest of making things with their fingers caught them, it became my problem to hold their enthusiasm in check.

In all things that we did I have required that the girls should really want them before they were granted. Only a wholehearted response would make it worth while. If there was less than that, either the thing was less appealing, and therefore less essential, than I had believed, or else it had been imperfectly presented.

One day I heard a group discussing the Nature walks. "Oh, dear," said one girl, "I don't want to go."

Next morning I announced that the Nature walks were discontinued, and explained

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that unless the girls really wanted them there was no place for them in our camp; that to know one bird or one tree and love them meant more than to know all the birds and trees of the forest, and that what I wanted for them was a love for life about them.

Of course there was a prompt protest from the girls, who really did love the walks. But when, after an interval, the frequent tramps were resumed, they were not formally labelled as Nature walks, but were just impromptu excursions.

So, too, with our water sports. The bathing hour is not merely a jolly frolic. It is not even merely a time for learning to swim well enough to meet emergencies. It is always a step in the direction of further achievement, and the daily goal is held always in mind.

Has a girl mastered the breast stroke? She eagerly sets about the task of learning three more standard swimming strokes, so that at the weekly Council Fire she may stand before her sisters to receive the red honor bead that is a token of her achievement. She is not content till she has won another bead by fetching bottom from eight feet of water.

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So she grows in fearlessness and bodily control through the carefully graded steps that carry her to mastery in aquatics, always stimulated to constructive effort by a desire for progressive achievement. That is a very different thing from the usual pleasant paddling and splashing about called "a swim," and its results are not even comparable.

My own is a case in point, and since this is so personal an introduction to the story of Sebago-Wohelo, I may mention it somewhat particularly.

I learned to dive after I was thirty-five years old. I am told that to master the co-ordination of one's muscles in a new feat such as this, is usually very difficult after one is thirty. So my achievement of the simple straight dive greatly elated me, and, with new-found confidence, I set out to win new accomplishments. Each year I kept my resolution to learn some new muscular feat, and two years ago I achieved the more difficult back dive. It has meant a great deal to me—more even than the reawakened sense of bodily elasticity and control, and a new and joyful physical fearlessness.

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I am reminded often of Emerson's significant lines:

"To vision profounder
Man's spirit must dive."

There is to me a spiritual reaction from the exultant exercise of one's body in such feats as these.

Learning to dive has helped me, too, in fellowship with my camp girls. It has helped me to don the ceremonial gown, and be one with them around the Council Fire.

My experience has a moral, too; an obvious one, perhaps, but pertinent. It is this:

Only by effort can we learn, though in making the effort we may learn a great deal that we were not trying for. As long as we keep trying, we keep growing, and so long as we are growing, we are one with all the youth of the world.

I believe deeply and earnestly that spiritual health and development is a direct corollary of bodily vigor and control; that the joy that comes from the exercise of efficient muscles has its counterpart in the soul; that to exercise the one is to exercise the other.

Upon that rock has Wohelo been built,

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and its use of symbols is, perhaps, more than anything else, a working and ever-present declaration of the spiritual values inherent in all the humblest phases of our everyday life in the world.

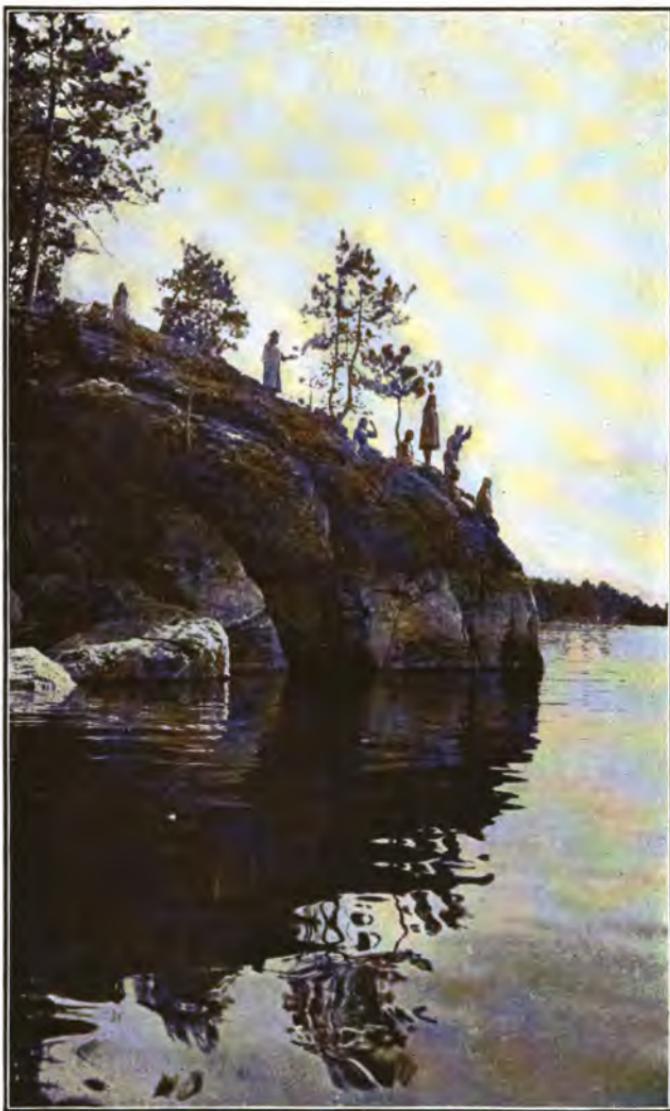
So in all the activities of camp we have striven to make them, not only a symbol of the big things in after life, but a miniature epitome of that life, seen with loving vision and attacked with courage and devotion. Because we believed that life was beautiful we have tried to give a beautiful preparation for it, to awaken unquenchably a sense of its infinite significance.





Su-no-wa

**SEBAGO-WOHELO
CAMP FIRE GIRLS**



*"I must go with the pull
That has hold of my heart"*

THE CALL

MARGARET BRADSHAW

THREE'S a great wild pull
That's come into my heart,
Like the pull of the wind on the sea.
There's a far, far call,
Flute-sweet and small,
Like the song of new sap in the tree.

There's a restless joy,
And a glad, dull ache,
And a longing to understand
The meaning that lies
In butterflies,
And sunsets, and stars, and sand.

For the spring has bloomed
In a goldeny mist
Of willow buds, sap and tears,
And the fleecy sky
Gives promise shy
Of the "country that knows no fears."



And my heart feels tied
And calls out to be free,
For it longs for the woods and the earth,
And a fire's soft light
In the velvet night
When dreams dare bloom to birth.

I must go with the pull
That has hold of my heart;
I must touch the warm earth and be free.
And I have no choice
But to follow the voice
Of the haunting joy-to-be.



Can-zu

I

THE ANSWER

FOR five summers The Call of the Camp
has been answered by a group of eager
girls, who come each year to the shores of Lake
Sebago, and go home two months later with
a bit of the lake in the very hearts of them.

“Wohelo! Wohelo!
How we sail over Lake Sebago’s waters blue!
Wohelo! Wohelo!
Our days with you are far too few!”

they sing in the long, happy days as they paddle over the clearest of waters, singing softly, and with mist-dimmed eyes, as the summer draws to a close. But it is of more than the lake that they are singing, though it is a spot lovely enough to be crystallized into song for itself alone. The trees, the birds, the mountains, the morning mist, the sunset sky and the soft twilight — all of these, and more, are in the song!



Sebago is so little that you can love it, and yet so large as to suggest dreams of long mysterious journeys toward the mountains, which rise bluer and bluer on the sunset side—dreams that become real in the form of enchanting camping trips as the summer goes by. It is safe for canoeing, and just over in the cove where the birches grow, the beach is shallow and soft enough for any child; while near shore, where the great rocks plunge down almost perpendicularly into the deep transparent water, one may find all the joys of swimming and diving that the bravest may desire. And about it all is the cool, invigorating breath of the northland, fanning energy and vigor into every pulse of life.

THE SPIRIT OF CAMP

As the girls have camped together summer after summer, under the inspiring leadership of a mother whose mother-love was great enough to reach beyond her own little circle of daughters and make all of the girls of the camp her own, they have thought out, lived out and made real a new and beautiful dream, more precious even than the lake and the wholesome outdoor life which is its gift.



Sunrise



The camp had no name, no forms or traditions. But the love of meeting around the open fire grew slowly into a poetic ceremony, for which the girls donned a special garment, fashioned simply, as those of the Indian maidens who lived in the woods before them. They studied the stories and art of the Indians, and learned to love to express the poetry of the life about them in the work of their hands, with nature as their guide and inspiration. They developed the spirit of real campers, paddling their own canoes, carrying their own packs, building their own fires and cooking their own meals, if necessary, and came to find a joy in this life that luxury and idleness could never give. They learned also to work and play in teams, to paddle together, sing together, tent together, stand by one another through rain and shine—and so the spirit of loyal, devoted comradeship was born among them.

THE MYSTICAL WORD

All of these things their leader had desired with a great longing for her girls, and she sought for a name that should express the ideals for which the camp was striving.



**SEBAGO-WOHELO
CAMP FIRE GIRLS**

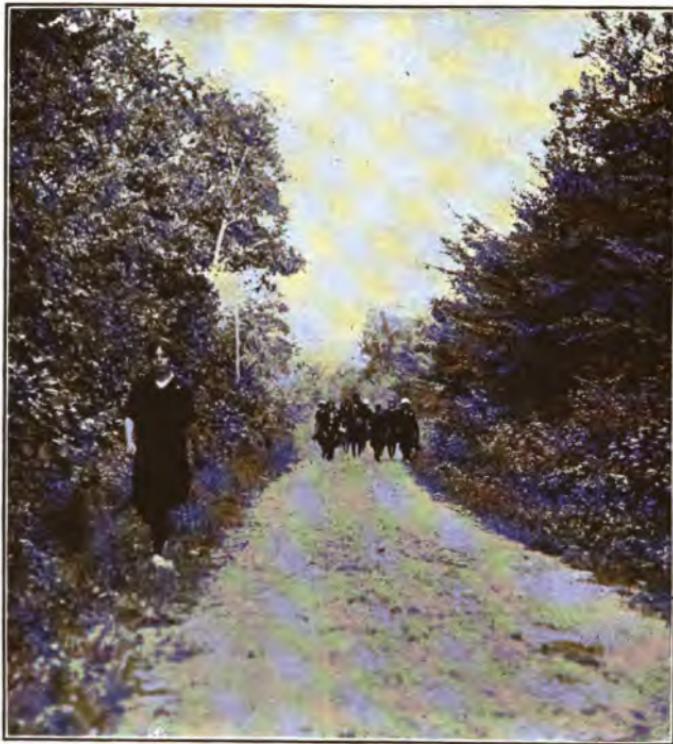


Those who gathered about the camp fire had chosen symbolic names, expressing in beautiful form the desires of their individual lives. Hiiteni, "Life, more Life," was the leader's name, very true to her spirit of eager reaching out for new fields of beauty and worth. The girls chose names for themselves in the same way.

But for long the camp had no name. Names that seemed to express the thought in the heart of the founder failed in beauty. At last it came to Hiiteni that the things for which she wished it all to stand in the hearts of the girls were expressed in the words, Work, Health and Love; and that, by combining the first two letters of each of these, she could make a new word, "Wohelo," lovely in sound and full of the meaning she wished. The camp was named Wohelo.

THE GIFT OF SEBAGO-WOHELO CAMP

So the life and ceremonial and watchwords that are now known to girls all over the land through the Camp Fire Girls of America grew out of the life of this first Wohelo camp.



*"Along the road that leads the way
We follow as it will"*

They were a gift from Hiiteni and her girls to all girls, gladly given at the request of those who were organizing a new society for girls.

There are now many camps called Wohelo, and the one on the shores of the lake in Maine,



to distinguish itself from the rest, has come to be known as Sebago-Wohelo. It is now a Camp Fire center, for every girl who comes becomes a member of the Sebago-Wohelo Camp Fire, and the camp is ever following into new realms the goal of its great desire, working out new ways of doing the things that girls all over the world are longing to do.

It is with a desire to share these ideals, and whatever has been done toward their attainment, that this story is written. How often, when long vacation days bring joy and happiness, do the words, "I wish that you were with me!" find a place in letters written to dear ones at home, springing from a sincere desire to share with those beloved the gifts of heart and spirit which the days bring.

This is a part of the message of the story of Sebago-Wohelo camp—a real, personal message to Camp Fire Girls everywhere, and if all cannot come to the shores of Lake Sebago it may be that something of the life of the camp can be shared with them. The glowing, living coals from that Camp Fire have been carried far, and new fires have been lighted, and it may be that still others will spring up to carry the Camp Fire spirit of



Work and Health and Love to the shores of other lakes and bays and rivers, into deep forests and open prairies, and so into the homes of the girls who dwell there, that by its light they may be led to find new beauty and joy in simple, common-place things, new love in service. To the girls in these other camps the girls of Sebago-Wohelo are singing a cheer. Can you see them, standing there together on the great rock above the water?

“Oh, we cheer, cheer, cheer—
Sebago-Wohelo!
Oh, we cheer, cheer, cheer—
Sebago-Wohelo!
Oh, we cheer, cheer, cheer—
Sebago-Wohelo!
Oh, our comrades,
We’re singing
To you!”



Woh-do-ke-ca

II

BUILDING THE FIRES

ONE of the songs that Sebago-Wohelo maidens love to sing begins:

“There is a spot ‘way up in Maine
They call Wohelo-he;
It’s full of girls both short and tall
And just like you and me—”

and if any girl doubts the truth of that she should have been one of the crowd of girls, with a sprinkling of councilors scarcely less girlish, who came to camp in the summer of 1914. They came in a “sleeper,” but did they sleep? Just about as much as you or I would have done in their places!

To be sure they did not talk. Oh, no! Possibly two, who had been “dearest friends” the summer before, and had not seen each other since, may have crept into the same berth and whispered a few little croonings of delight in the joy of being together again. Perhaps some of them may have “wondered out loud”



"if the lake is still there?", "if it will look just the same?" and, "how could it possibly be a whole year since they had broken camp!" Among those who had not been of the camp the year before were some who came from the same school, and these were glad to meet again, and may have spoken once or twice. Girls will be girls. But it would be unfair to say that they talked.

Some had conspicuous boxes of candy that had been given to them before leaving, and seemed strangely eager to devour every piece at once. An impression had gone abroad that candy was not allowed in camp, and they had best eat it while they might. One girl confessed that she had eaten—was it ten?—dishes full of ice-cream the day before, supposing there would be no such treat in camp. Little did she know of the Saturday expeditions to the neighboring village, and certain little pasteboard boxes with tin spoons stuck temptingly in the top, to say nothing of the great freezer which inhabits the camp kitchen.

Morning, and Portland, found a sleepy-eyed but eager group of girls, ready for breakfast and the ride on another train, which pres-



ently brought them to the dock to take the busy little steamer across Lake Sebago. It was nearly noon when the trip was over and the steamer brought them to the dock at camp.

WELCOME!

These Sebago-Wohelo maidens did not come to an unstaked camp in the woods. The fires had been started days before, and a joyous welcome awaited them, with everything in readiness for their comfort. Some of those already in camp had been working during the days of waiting, others had been resting, enjoying the stillness of the woods, disturbed only by the whispering of the leaves and the murmurings of the waves, which now was to be broken by happy laughter and Cheer Songs.

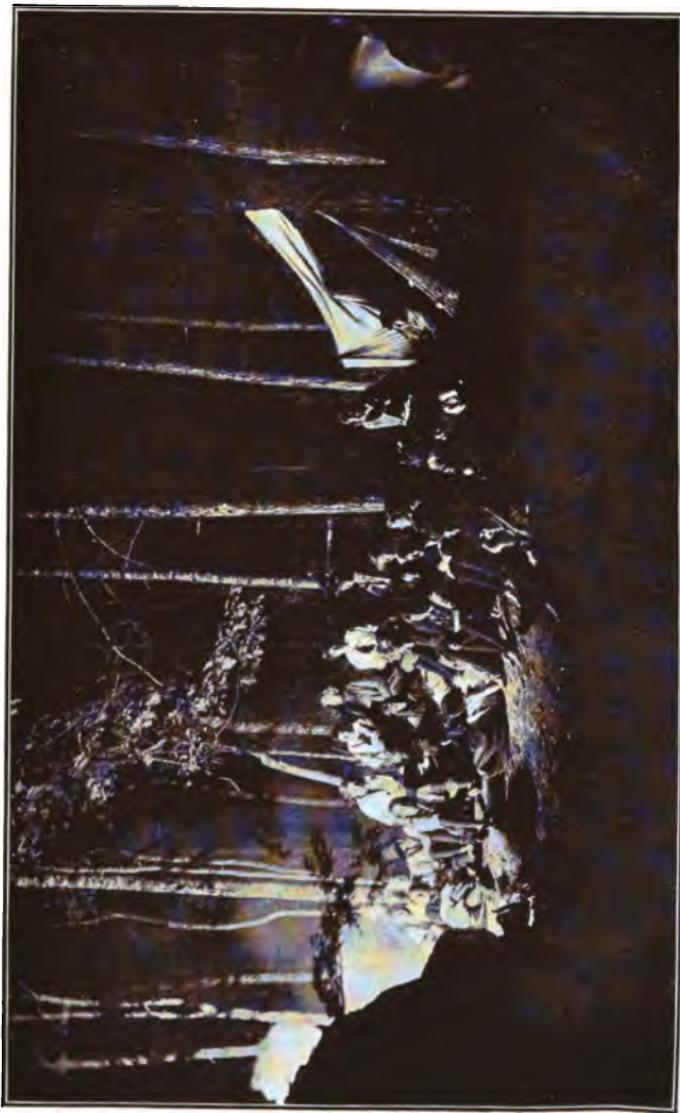
Those who gathered on the dock to welcome the girls were dressed in white middies and blue bloomers, and laughed at the outlandish appearance of city clothes, and poked fun at tight skirts and high-heeled shoes which slipped and caught along the rocky paths leading to the tents. But they did not laugh long, for nearly every girl had bloom-



ers, a middie blouse and a pair of sneakers in her suit-case. Soon all emerged in camp costume, with hair comfortably down in two braids, all but one incorrigible, who left hers in the french-roll, and for days held to this remnant of boarding-school fashion. City clothes were hung in the loft over the bungalow, like grinning relics of a by-gone age. Later, trunks arrived, and the girls unpacked the necessary articles to be kept in wooden boxes under their beds. Bundles, which had been sent in advance by express, were opened to make the beds, which each girl did according to her taste, some with regulation sheets and pillow cases, while others found gray blanket sheets quite as comfortable.

As they worked, busy and happy, the sunset time came softly down, and the bustle of camp died away with the wind. When the bugle sounded a whisper went abroad that supper would not be served in the bungalow, as dinner had been, but at Hiiteni's fireplace, where a huge boulder rises for a background, and around it is a little natural orchestra circle enclosed by rocks and trees, opening up in full view from the doorway of Hiiteni's tent. Here were piled long pine branches for the

"The peace of our fire-lit faces"





fire, while from the great rock across the path, big tin cups of milk, sandwiches and peaches, were given out, with great pieces of the delicious cake that was to become a most welcome feature of all the camp suppers.

AROUND THE FIRE

Cups and spoons laid aside, all drew close in the gathering darkness, with the strange, new stillness all about them, the wind astir in the trees, and the red flame of the first camp fire, now smouldering, now leaping high to reveal their faces to one another. The new family began to dream dreams in the firelight.

But the dreams were not all the same. Each was colored by the home-life that had been left behind, and by the thoughts and purposes in her heart that had led its owner to camp. One had come because her health was frail from overstudy; another because she was strong, and loved the water-sports; another because she loved the quiet of the woods; one had the soul of an artist, and longed to excell in the craft-work, while others came just seeking new experiences. Girls with dispositions as varied as their tastes, differing in ages from Wa-zi and Fuzzie, the dear little "Blue



Birds," up to the college girls, some of whom were numbered as councilors. All had answered the Call of the Camp, and stepped lightheartedly into experiences that were perhaps to change the whole current of their lives.

NEW FRIENDS AND OLD

There were introductions that evening. Timanous stood high on the rock above the fire, and, calling the councilors one by one, made them stand up in their places while he told "what he knew about them," and a great deal besides which his ready humor suggested. Woh-do-ke-ca, the camp artist, was forced to prove that she had other accomplishments by making her famous "rabbit face," and Embers, the poet, was introduced as an ever-present help to one who wanted to get into mischief. Alaska created a little stir of excitement because she had come from so far away, and she was given a special welcome when her magic touch upon the piano became known. Helpful the Great, who, as his name indicates, was one of the most valuable of the councilors, smiled his droll, half-embarrassed smile when it was published that he was a fiddler of no small gifts, and Helpful the Little



was introduced as one having power, sounding the bugle that rules the camp with its melody, full of meaning, if not always of beauty.

OLD-TIME CAMP SONGS

Later, as the fire burned low and all grew closer in the mysterious shadows, Ce-ki-ca-ti led in some of the old-time camp songs, in which those who had been in camp before joined with hearty good will, while those to whom it was all new listened with something of sadness, but hummed the tunes, resolving to learn the words as soon as possible. And the songs, with the smouldering firelight and the lengthening shadows, whispered to those who understood of a time when the camp had been one at heart, and gave promise of happy days before them, when this should again be true, and the spirits of all gathered in this new circle should be blended into a complete union of comradeship and love.

All the while the fire had been teaching its own lessons, telling its own stories, and performing real introductions of heart to heart.

Those who have sat about a camp fire together can never quite forget the mystic bond



that is there created between them. For the new house the house-warming, for the new home the hanging of the crane, and for the new camp the first burning of the camp-fire.



Ge-me-wun-ca



Namesakes

III

THE FREEDOM OF CAMP

A SCAMPER of tiny feet across the floor,
a crackle and crunch of sharp little teeth,
then scamper, scamper again across the floor
and away among the rocks!



These were the sounds that woke "The Chipmunks" on that first morning in camp. "Hush! Don't scare him!" whispered Kee-wee, the councilor, sitting up in bed with a peanut in her hand. "Maybe he'll come again."

And presently he came, a dear little bright-eyed, friendly chipmunk, making swift starts, stopping to listen, then darting up bravely with a flash of his bright brown tail to seize the coveted booty from Kee-wee's fingers—then to a safe distance on the rock outside of the tent, where he shelled the nut and stuffed it away in his already baggy cheeks as fast as possible.

It was a joyful visit from the tiny native of the woods, welcoming the girls to a life almost as free as his own. They were still watching, with eyes almost as bright as those of the chipmunk, when the bugle blew for rising, and the quiet tents about them were all alive with a buzz of voices. It was time for the morning dip, and if the youngest girl, who had never been in camp before, felt a trifle timid about the cool plunge, she was soon laughed into going with the others for the luxurious morning bath of the woods and lake.



Scurrying out with toothbrushes and soap in hand "The Chipmunks" met sleepy figures in bathing suits, flocking down the path to the dock from the other tents. There was just a moment of shivering and waiting for each other to jump, but soon the water was all a-splash with girls, and a few moments later they were hurrying up the path, glowing with warmth and energy, every thought of sleepiness left far behind.

"Oh, I'm so happy! I'm so happy!" cried Wa-zi, a "Blue Bird," clapping her hands as she ran, voicing the feeling of all in her childish ecstasy.

MORNING SONGS

After breakfast in the bungalow all went to the craft house, where every morning they met to sing. The girls sat Turk-fashion on the floor facing Hiiteni and Alaska, who had taken her place at the piano. Two carefully selected hymns were sung, then everyone stood and repeated the Lord's prayer, after which they sang more hymns and camp songs to their hearts' content. It was difficult to stop singing. Often Hiiteni allowed the singing hour to encroach upon craft-work time. Only those who have experienced the peace and



aspirations that come after such a meeting can understand what starting the day in this way means. Singing together brings a consciousness of unity, and makes a bond of priceless value.

On that first day Ce-ki-ca-ti sat up in front with a flag in her hand, and a wise grin, which reminded everyone that it was the Fourth of July, and suggested that something was going to happen. Hiiteni announced the plan of celebration for the evening, in which each tent was to present an original drama representing Freedom, the freedom of thought and action for which women as well as men are striving.

Then the girls were invited to choose songs they wished to sing. Various patriotic songs vied with the old camp favorites, "The Lone Fish Ball," "The Little Tin Soldier," and many others. Ce-ki-ca-ti, with a mysterious air, resisted all calls for "Old Glory" till the very end, when she called for it herself, asking to have the last stanza sung as a march while the girls were leaving the craft-house.

It was a game of "Follow my Leader," and out of the door they went, hands on each others' shoulders, proclaiming gaily to the world:



"We come, we come, we come,
To the roll of the rattling drum!"

and wound, in as even a line as they could, up over the rocky path to the tennis court, then round and round, faster and faster, breaking into a run and ending at last in a grand salute to the flag that hung at the end of the court.

SWIMMING TIME

The rest of the morning passed quickly enough in an introduction to the tents and their dwellers, from far and high "Heavenly Rest" and "The Heavenly Twins" (two tents on one platform) to "Kingfishers" and "Whippoor-wills" down to the house in the trees where the "Blue Birds" live.

Before one could realize the time had come for the swimming hour, and a crowd of happy girls dashed down to the dock to wait for the welcome call, "All in!" from Ti-ya-ta, who was in command.

An unusually large number of the girls could swim this year, and there was a clamor at once for chances to take the hundred-yard test, for each girl knew that without this she could not enter a canoe.

There are few rules in camp, but those



governing the going into the water and the coming out of it are inflexible, and to them instant and unquestioned obedience is required. Not even councilors are allowed in canoes until they have taken the swimming test. This is not only a safeguard against accidents, but it acts as an incentive for girls to bend every energy to learn to swim. All girls want to go in canoes, so naturally, if for no other reason, they learn to swim as soon as possible.

He-ta-ya and one of the twins had asked first to take the test, and one after the other they started out, close beside the row-boat, which moved slowly across the clear water to the beach, until it made the distance at last, and a cheer went up from the dock.

"Oh, Wohelo! Oh, Wohelo!
We raise a song to you,
For we'll ever be true
To the white and the blue,
Oh, He-ta-ya, we sing to you!"

There was a different cheer for the twin, for Wohelo maids love variety.

"You don't know what a wonderful feeling it gives you," said one of the girls after

The swimming test





she had taken the swimming test. "You feel so free and so unafraid, as if you had gotten the lake in your power!" Both cheers were repeated formally at dinner, which is the official time for cheers of every sort.

ROUTINE OF CAMP

Dinner that second day was served beside Hiiteni's fireplace. There was a great kettle of *pilau*, which is a mixture of rice, chicken, and tomatoes, and was served, with other good things, on paper plates. How little it really requires to make a happy meal! Not every banquet is eaten with half the zest of this outdoor dinner.

After dinner came rest hour, during which the girls understood that they were expected to be quiet in their tents, though reading and writing letters were allowed, and some other things happened occasionally that were not in the schedule. At three o'clock the bugle sounded again, and the girls assembled for the Saturday afternoon trip to the village, which ended in a gathering at the ice-cream store and the happy hour of mail from home.

While the others were feasting on ice-cream, Alaska had been seen triumphantly



waving a large piece of tinfoil, which she had captured by hook or by crook. Mysteries were in the air all the afternoon, "The Chipmunks" were studying a typewritten thing that looked like a song, and others of the girls spent feverish moments with their heads together, plotting the evening's performance. When they reached camp again the wise ones made a quick dash for the properties trunk in the bungalow loft.

THE MAGIC STAGE

The stage was the tennis court, with a fire in the big fireplace on the farther side, and Japanese lanterns to add to the festivity. Alaska's tinfoil was explained when her girls appeared with silver crowns on their heads, and vivid costumes of red and blue to suit the new song of patriotism which they sang. They stood high on the rock above the fire with the dark trees behind them, a daring bit of staging that thrilled the audience below. All of the other scenes were given on the tennis court, within the circle of the listeners, who changed places from time to time, leaving the audience to take their own parts on the magic stage with its mysterious shadows and shifting lights.



The small white goat which Helpful the Little had brought with him from the city was a prominent actor in several of the scenes, as he had become a great favorite in camp.

The themes ranged all the way from Votes for Women to affairs in Mexico. But through them all, from "The Chipmunks" dear little song to "The Heavenly Twins'" melodrama, in which the good knight "Sanitas" rescued a Camp Fire Girl from the power of candy, sodas, ginger ale and the nightmare of patent medicines, to the last act by "Top o' the Rocks" and "Fawassa," in which "Work," "Health," and "Love" gave the freedom of camp to the Girl, wound a thread of thought of the freedom that comes from health and right living, which makes one strong to do and dare.

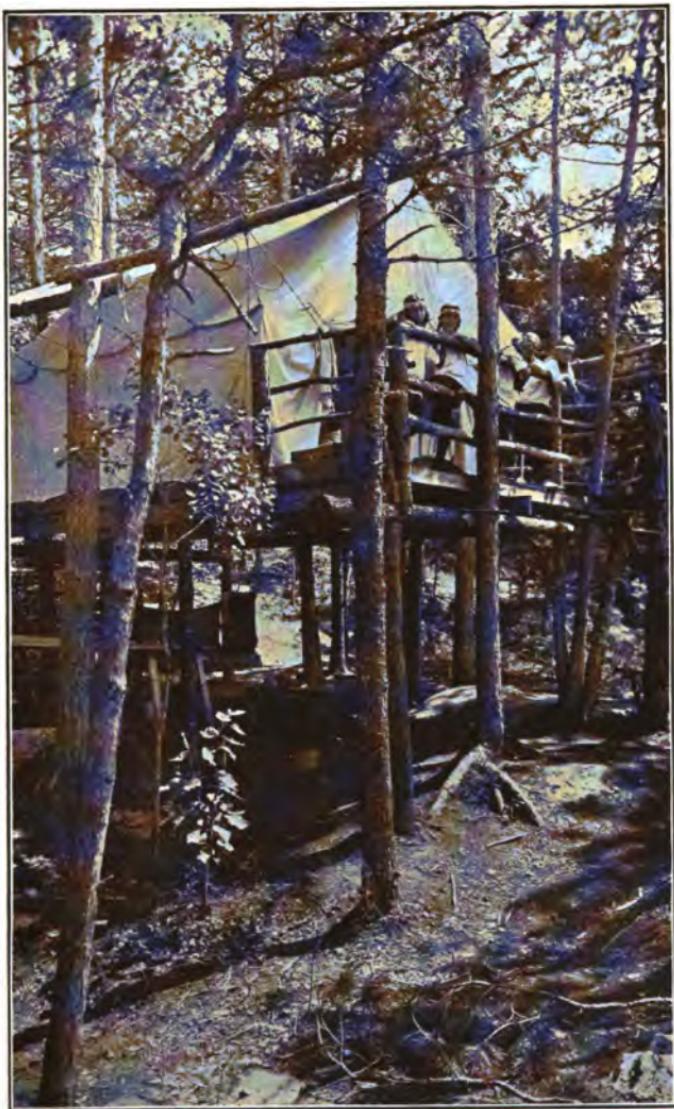
"Candy," personified, or represented by an empty box, made numerous appearances on the stage. Possibly this was to be explained by the candy incident on the train, and a talk that had been given in councilors' meeting the next day. At all events the slavery to candy gradually became a thing unknown in camp, without the announcement of any laws or penalties.



After the girls from the different tents had all covered themselves with glory there came a call to the craft-house for music. The Japanese lanterns went, too, transforming the rustic porch, a fit setting for the strains of the "Song of the Evening Star," which floated out to the listening figures on the veranda floor and away over the dark water. Then, to crown the beauty of the night, a great raft appeared and slowly burst into a blaze, a blaze that floated and floated, fairy-like against the darkness, till the watchers drifted with it, far, far out on a raft of dreams, to lands that never were.



Ma-na



The Blue Bird's Nest

IV

THE THREEFOLD FLAME

SUNDAYS at camp were quiet days, with leisure for visiting, reading, writing home letters, taking pleasant walks, or paddling about on the lake in happy groups.

But no two days in camp were alike, and this first Sunday was set apart from all others by a rare talk from Timanous at the morning service. It was a trifle difficult for one who had known Timanous only as comrade and leader in the gaiety of camp to imagine him in the character of preacher, but his audience was not less attentive for that reason. The girls were glad to sit for an hour at a time, and scarcely thought of being tired or cramped when Timanous talked.

His theme this morning was an invitation to all to seek the key to these new sensations that were coming to them each day, the great inner joy which lies behind every little touch with Nature,—the sound of the waves in the stillness when one wakens in the night, the



clinging touch of the water when they gave themselves to its clasp, the sun in the spray, the feeling of the earth on bare, wet feet, and the glow that follows the morning dip when the air is chill and bracing. "The key to it all," Timanous said, "the nameless something that thrills to deepest depths, is the love of God at work through his world of nature." And he read a number of beautiful poems, closing with St. Francis's noble "Canticle of the Sun," which made the heartstrings vibrate to this note of loving reverence.

Timanous returned that afternoon to the big city, where the work of the great Camp Fire Girls' organization needed him. But he had set the imaginations of those in camp to work with an enthusiasm that promised much for their understanding of the first law of the Camp Fire, "Seek Beauty," and they were ready for the fuller explanation which Monday brought of the plan for the summer's work and play, and how it was to be related to the poetry of life as well as to the practical work of womanhood by the Camp Fire flame of Work, Health and Love.

Between the morning service and the craft-hour, which began at nine-thirty and ended at



eleven-thirty, there was usually about a half-hour's time for putting tents in order against the coming of the tent inspector, who proved to be Ta-ku, a capable young college girl whose popularity could not be hurt even by this unwelcome position. But formalities had not yet begun on this first Monday, and the morning service was followed by a short talk on the craft-work of camp.

CRAFT WORK AND SYMBOLISM

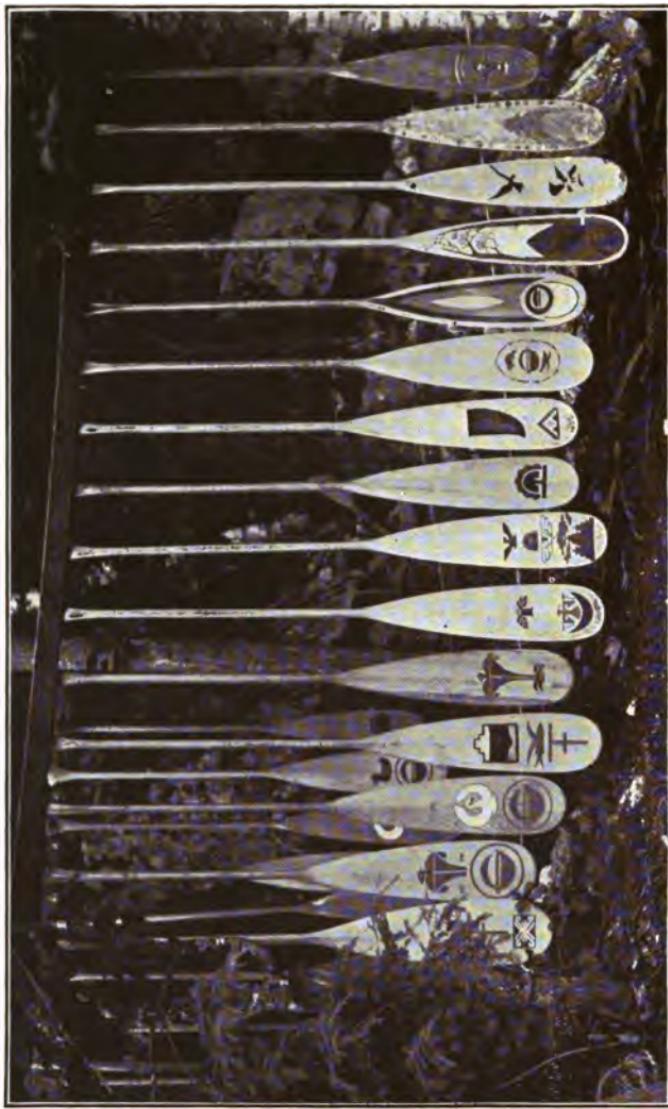
Woh-do-ke-ca showed paddles decorated with the girls' own symbols, carved wooden spoons, dainty balsam pillows, and some painted wooden boxes—these last promising to be the fad of the season. Ce-ki-ca-ti held out glowing prospects of silver bracelets, rings, and other jewelry to be taken home in the fall, while work in pottery, weaving, and dyeing were discussed, and vied with one another in kindling anticipations of delightful mornings. A filmy scarf of chiffon bordered with a wood-block pattern in salmon pink and gray, designed from a fungus and the silver bark of the birch on which it was found, suggested possibilities for the interpretation of woodsy things in forms fitted for use as well as beauty.



Quite naturally after this came Hiiteni's talk about the symbolism which is so much a part of Camp Fire life, as it has been a part of the lives of all primitive women who have woven lovely things from Nature's materials with Nature's own beauty to guide them. "Every Camp Fire girl," explained Hiiteni, "is expected to choose a symbol of her own, to express in artistic form that which in her heart she most wishes to be. This symbol she is to use in all of her craft work, just as the Indian woman wove her symbol into her baskets, and so made them a poetic expression of her life." The form of the symbol, the girls learned, can be changed to suit the different materials in which it is used.

Then, very simply, came the story of how this symbolism had grown up in the camps of other years, and how the girls had been helped in their plan of life by choosing for themselves names as well as symbols for use in the Council Fire, and as an expression of the ideals that were to rule their lives. Slowly, in all its charm, was shown the plan of the Camp Fire Girls' organization, with its honor beads awarded for achievements in the seven crafts, Home - Craft, Health - Craft, Camp - Craft,

Every Camp Fire maiden has a symbol of her own





Hand-Craft, Nature-Lore, Business, and Patriotism; and its rank of progress, Wood-Gatherer, Fire-Maker, and last and noblest, Torch-Bearer, the rank of those who are ready to pass on to others the light which they have received.

The girls ran gaily out of the craft-house singing a little song Embers had taught them, which now had a new meaning:

“Every Camp Fire maiden has a symbol
all her own!

Every thought and feeling by some
symbol can be shown!”

But under the gaiety of it they were thinking hard, for the haunting symbol-search had laid hold upon them. The whole summer opened before them, with fascinating opportunities for winning honors, especially in health-craft and hand-craft.

CEREMONIAL GOWNS

Perhaps the most pressing problem of all, for the time being, was that of their ceremonial costumes, without which they could not become Wood Gatherers or even enter the charmed circle of the Council Fire.



Over in the bungalow, as the afternoon wore on, Mna-ka fitted the girls for costumes, postponing her lessons in weaving till this important task should be finished. There were yards and yards of khaki, and a generous pile of brown leather skins to make fringe for the gowns, but as several of the girls had not even tried to use a sewing machine before, it was no slight task to transform the materials into simple, but well-made, gowns. Mna-ka cut them all, but each girl made her own, as no one wanted to miss the hand-craft honor for doing so. Ni-ma-ha, who had never tried to do any sewing, surprised herself and the rest by stitching straighter seams than many an older girl.

The most difficult lesson for all to learn was to gather up their materials when they had finished work. As the cloth was all alike, it was not quite safe to leave one's material in the bungalow and expect to find it in the same place next day. The exasperating stuff would disappear! This was not conducive to poetic feeling, but was not the least of the lessons of Camp Fire for all that. Nearly all of the things which happened at camp had a way of teaching valuable lessons without seeming to do so.



NAMES AND SYMBOLS

Meanwhile those who were not busy with their costumes were besieging Woh-do-ke-ca and Embers in the craft-house for help in the choice of names and symbols to express the things they wished. Sun-o-wa, after careful thought, had decided that her desires were for music, friends and happiness, which were symbolized for her by the sunlight on the water, sunshine being happiness, the sparkles friends, and the water music. But she could find no name which would combine these thoughts; she was in despair until the suggestion came of combining parts of the words "Sun on water" to make the name "Sunowa." One of the twins chose as her symbol an eagle mounting toward the sun, the idea being to seek perfection in all she undertook, and she was struggling to make an artistic design that should combine this symbol with the Indian sign for thought.

Not every girl knew at once what she wished to express by her symbol, but as the afternoon shadows grew longer several went about happily telling their friends that they had succeeded in the search. "I've found my symbol," one gleefully proclaimed, "It's the



humming-bird, and it means finding the good in everybody. The Indian name of it is To-he-ha, and that's my name!" Thoughtful Su-ni was just as happy in her quieter way when she had found a symbol for her name, which means "Doing more than is asked," a true and beautiful expression of her character.

THE FIRST COUNCIL FIRE

While the girls were busy, the supper committee, which happened that night to be from one of "The Heavenly" tents, had planned a little surprise. The bugle sounded from the dock, and when the girls came they were assigned to canoes and sent out on the lake, to land, they knew not where. Indeed, they did not land at all, but ate in their canoes, with sandwiches, milk, and cake served from the launch. Under the surprise and restfulness of it the day's excitement died away, leaving quieted spirits for the first Council Fire of the year.

It was held on the tennis court, the "old girls" in costume forming the circle, the "new girls" sitting on the edge of the woods, drinking in the beauty of the scene with rapt attention. Many of them now saw for the first time



the bringing of fire from wood by the rubbing sticks, as it was done in early days by the Indians. Ti-ya-ta made the fire, while from the circle rose softly, like a breath of the woods, an old Indian melody—the Fire Song.

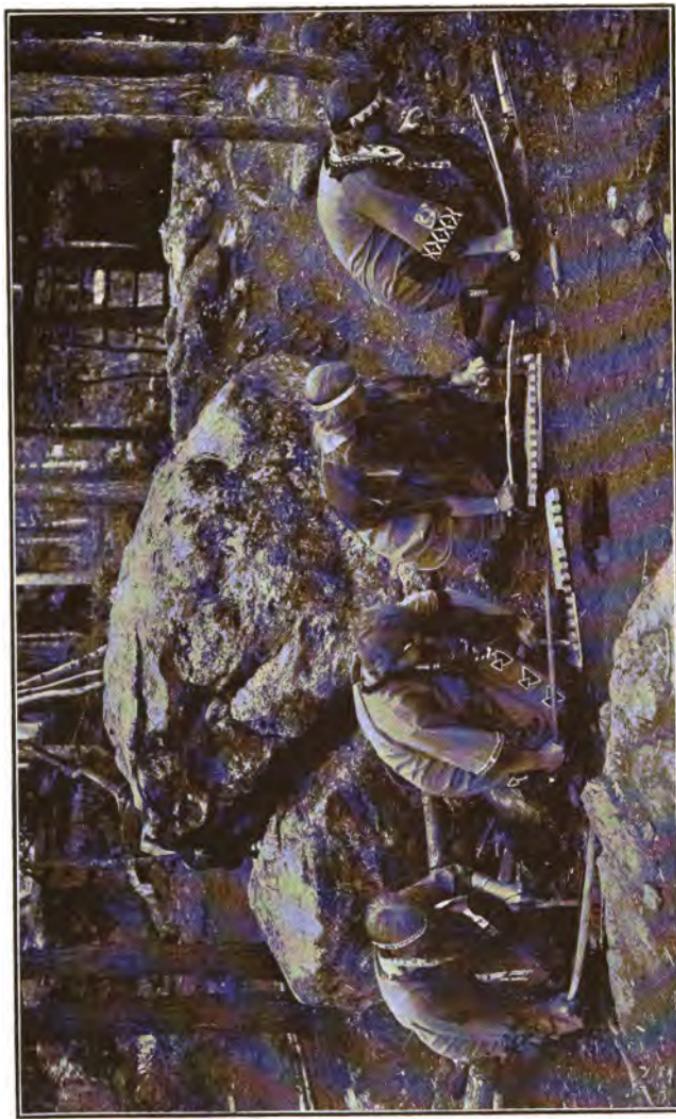
“Keep rolling, keep rolling,
Keep rolling, keep rolling!”

swelling with the triumphant note:

“Smoke arises! smoke arises!
And the smoke, sweetly scented!”

as a little white wreath curled slowly from the wood-dust under Ti-ya-ta’s hand. All the circle shared with her effort, the anxious waiting, the sweet victory, the preciousness of the gift that in modern times has come to us so easily that we do not realize the part it plays in our lives.

As the spark was caught by the tinder, fanned to a flame, and touched to the waiting wood in the great fireplace, the girls of the circle rose to sing “Burn, Fire, Burn,” with interpreting motions, while those in the woods listened and shared the poetry of this primal experience—the making of the fire, around



“Keep rolling, keep rolling”

"Keep a' blowing"





which woman's home and woman's happiness have centered since the great gift of it was first given to the world.

The ceremonial was continued with a roll-call of those who had been in camp the year before. Following this two Counts were read, one by Ti-ya-ta, telling of the journey to camp this year, the other by Embers, recounting something of the events that had taken place before camp had formally opened—how the goat had chewed off some of Kee-wee's hair, and how four girls had helped to shingle the little house, Wakana Hit (house of Inspiration) built for Timanous, that it might be complete before he came. The Count ended with the story of the week of rain that had preceded the girls' arrival, and a happy burst of welcoming gladness:

“On it rained, as if the sunshine
Had been swallowed up forever
By the great gray-feathered cloud bird!
Till, like Noah's gorgeous rainbow,
Promise of the sun and sunshine,
Came the sound of merry voices,
Came your songs and happy laughter.
And the sight of you brought sunshine



To the world, and to our hearts, too—
Burst the sun forth o'er Wohelo
And we welcomed you together!
No more lonesome, no more silent,
Now Wohelo's tents are happy,
Sheltering you so long, long absent;
Now the rocks are no more voiceless,
Ringing with your songs and laughter,
And our hearts are very happy
That you all are here, my sisters."

Then Hiiteni asked Alaska and the guardian from Kansas City each to tell something of their Camp Fires at home. It was interesting to hear of the tireless efforts by which a camp had been established in Kansas City, and thrilling to know of the Camp Fire in far-away Alaska, where the girls were learning to brave rain and snow in their wet, cold country to go out among its beautiful mountains for fun and health. The girls realized as never before, how great a thing it was to be a part of this nation-wide circle of girls of which they had that morning been told.

The fire was flickering low when they rose and circled slowly out into the darkness to the strains of the good-night song, "The Sun Is



Sinking in the West," humming softly and more softly as they scattered to their tents and found their way to rest in the darkness. And one heard whisperings from those girls to whom it was all so new and wonderful, "Oh, isn't Camp Fire splendid! I want to belong as soon as I can!"



Kini-da-ka

V

CAMPING IN THE MIST

“WHAT is the matter with the end-table?” someone whispered at dinner on Wednesday. Loh-ah and Kani-da-ka, who were waiting on the end-table that day, turned rosy and giggled as they walked to and from the serving table, and it was a moment before anyone could discover the reason for their peculiar appearance. “Oh, they’ve put on their middies wrong-side before!” It burst upon everyone at once that the end-table was nearly choking in its heroic attempts to be original, with the big square collars, that should have been behind, hanging down oddly under their chins.

“Babies—why—are—you wearing bibs?” chanted Ti-ya-ta’s table in a strong, clear chorus, talking together, as the girls often did in camp.

What those of the end-table would have replied in self-defense no one knows, for at that moment Hiiteni called for silence, and made an announcement that drove all other



thoughts into the background. She asked all of the girls to go to the tennis court immediately after rest-hour, taking their ponchos and blankets, to learn from Ho-sa how to roll these for a camping trip. A camping trip! The air was full of mystery and delight!

LEARNING TO MAKE A PONCHO ROLL

When they reached the tennis court Ho-sa, with Ge-me-wun-ac's help, was cutting ropes in two different lengths, and distributing them to the girls as they arrived. Ho-sa was one of the oldest campers, having been with the camp since its very beginning, and was wise in all its ways. She went about her work to-day with a sphinx-like deliberation that made one feel she had in trust some vast secret which she would reveal only when the appointed moment should arrive.

By her direction each girl spread her poncho wrong side up on the tennis court, and laid her blankets straight upon it. One or two who had brought small ponchos were puzzled until Ho-sa explained that they must fold their blankets to make them fit, as the poncho should extend beyond the blankets on every



side. "Now," said Ho-sa, stooping beside the nearest poncho, "lay your nightgown, and whatever else you want to take with you, near the edge, this way, and then roll the whole as tightly as you can, from the side, and tie it in the middle—so! Be sure you make a square knot, or it will come undone, and spill everything. Then tie the longer rope around one end, not too near the end or it will slip off, and then around the other end, holding them together—so! Now you are ready to throw your poncho over your shoulder, and tramp away."

She slung the horse-shoe-shaped roll over her shoulder, and walked off a little, looking so very camper-like that the girls could scarcely wait to be following her example. They fell to work on their own ponchos, working in twos for the most part, because they could roll the bundles more tightly by working one at each end. Ho-sa watched them, giving correction or advice where either was needed, and meanwhile explaining how to make their beds when the camping place was reached.

"You'll find it easier," she said, "to sleep two together, using one poncho on the ground and the other over you, and if you have enough



blankets to put more than one under you, it makes your bed much softer. Pin all the blankets together around the edges with big blanket pins, clasping them through the eyelets in the edge of the poncho. In that way you make a big sleeping bag into which you can crawl and sleep snugly without fear of taking cold even though the ground is damp or the dew falls heavily."

"And if you sleep alone how do you make your bed?" asked one of the girls.

"Oh, you just fold your blankets and poncho over all together, and make a narrow bag instead of a wide one. Some people like that better than 'sleeping in twos.'"

But most of the girls saw delightful possibilities of chumming in the first plan, and there was much pairing off in advance. Any-one could have guessed that Pi-ki-da and I-wa-da-ka would sleep together, for theirs was one of the cases of inseparability which had been evident almost from the first. And they began to plan at once for being together. Ki-lo-des-da was heard making similar arrangements with Loh-ah, and Ti-ya-ta, their councilor, hastily decided to make her bed near theirs, wherever that might be. "If those two



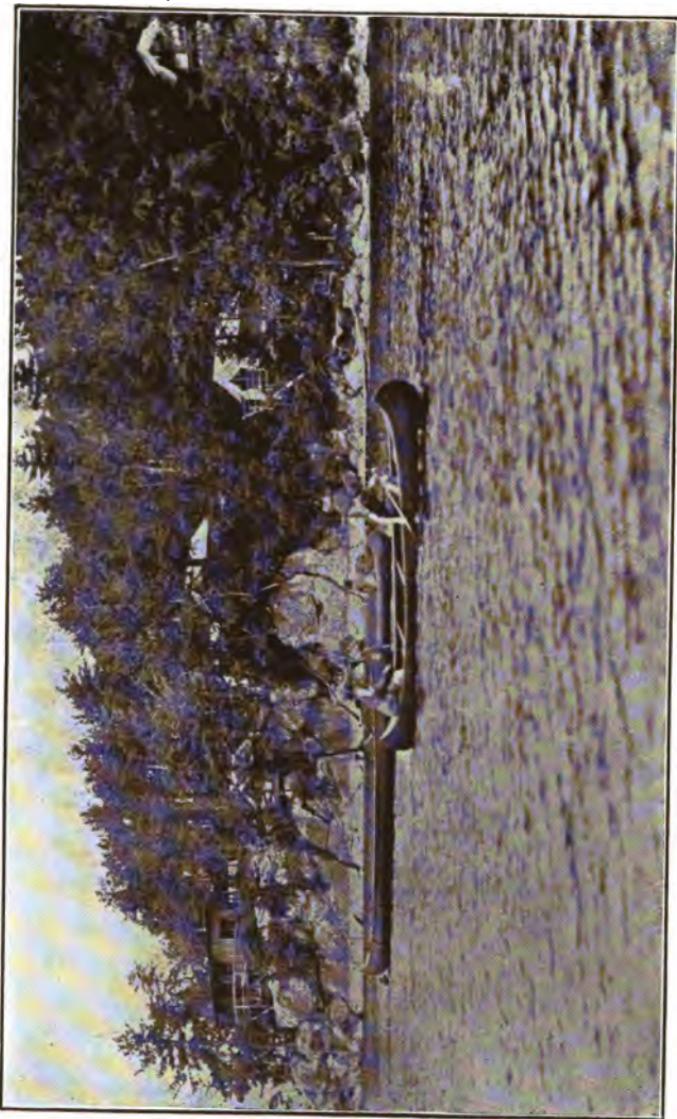
get together there will be some mischief brewing," she declared.

LAUNCHING THE WAR-CANOE

The camping trip was to begin on Thursday afternoon, and the girls would scarcely have known how to wait patiently if something had not happened that was almost as exciting as the thoughts of the prospective trip. As soon as the ponchos were carried back to the tents the bugle called the girls together to go to Wohelo Island to launch the war-canoe. The "old girls" shouted with delight, and the "new girls" thrilled with anticipation when they heard of a large canoe in which twelve or more could paddle together, and of regular drill, with fancy strokes, and an "All-Wohelo" crew to be picked before the end of the summer.

The island, where the war-canoe had been lying high and dry, waiting for its summer playtime, was only a short distance across the water, and, with the help of the good launch, "Red Beak," and canoes for those who were allowed to enter them, all soon reached it, finding it a pretty wooded spot with rocky shores.

Coming into camp





After a scramble through the trees the war-canoe was discovered, and with a cry of delight the girls marshalled themselves around it, placed their shoulders under the sides, and, with Helpful the Great sitting reluctantly on its big backbone, carried it to the water's brink, there to launch it with shouts of glee.

It was soon manned by a crew and swung away to the rhythmic tune:

"Oh, we own the lake!
Oh, we own the lake!
Oh, we own the lake the people say!
Oh, we own the lake!
Oh, we own the lake!
W-O-H-E-L-O, yea, yea!"

Instead of going back to camp the girls were kept on the island while the "Red Beak" returned to bring their suppers to them. The war-canoe came back with its impromptu crew, and supper was served from a lone, high boulder and eaten beside a roaring fire. There were sandwiches and milk and maraschino jam, with a beautiful birthday cake to crown it all, for it was I-ma-ga-ga's birthday, and the candles were named and blown out



with proper ceremony. After supper the "new girls" were required to entertain the "old girls" with stunts, but as there were more "new girls" this year than usual they showed a very independent spirit. Under Te-ca-ya's leadership they worked up a fine charade and gave it, but firmly refused to do individual stunts unless the girls could guess their charade. But their triumph was short-lived, for clever Ti-ya-ta guessed it, so the girls were obliged to tell rhymes and jokes.

This was the first of many Wednesday night suppers on the island, which came to be one of the familiar haunts. But, perhaps because this was the first, every moment of the evening was keen-edged with delight, and the girls were reluctant to go home to their waiting tents. But at last they crossed the water in the quiet night stillness, wondering if a camping trip *could* be much more delightful than this!

THE FIRST CAMPING TRIP

The next day dawned clear, exhilarating, with sunlight dancing in the trees and on the water. Impatiently the girls lived through craft-hour, folk-dancing and rest hour, then



hurried up to the tennis court to spread and roll their blankets. They were all in dark serge middies, and in a twinkle of time they had their ponchos over their shoulders ready for tramping.

Ce-ki-ca-ti came up with a smile to announce: "We start from the canoe dock. All down to the canoes as quickly as you can get there!" After she had enjoyed their surprise for a moment, she added, "We thought we had better give you an easy trip for the first."

The girls loved canoeing too well to be disappointed, and willingly laid their ponchos in the bottom of the craft and arranged themselves under Ti-ya-ta's direction. It was something of a test of judgment to arrange the canoes. In all water trips greatest care was taken against accident. No canoes could start without a "water-witch," one who had not only taken the test of the 100-yard swim, but swum a distance about twice as far as that of the test, undressed in deep water, tipped over a canoe, righted it, and paddle to shore again, and, in addition, showed herself possessed of skill and judgment necessary to one who was to be trusted with the management of a canoe with other girls in it.



The decorated canoe procession

At last the canoes were ready to start, the girls who had not taken the test in the war-canoe, and soon they were paddling over the lake, the hills echoing to their happy songs and laughter.

They passed several islands and a number of pretty points and coves along the shores before they reached the long, sandy beach of Frye's Island, where they were to land. There was room here to draw up the canoes along the shore, build a great fire, and cook supper, and plenty of space besides for spreading the pon-

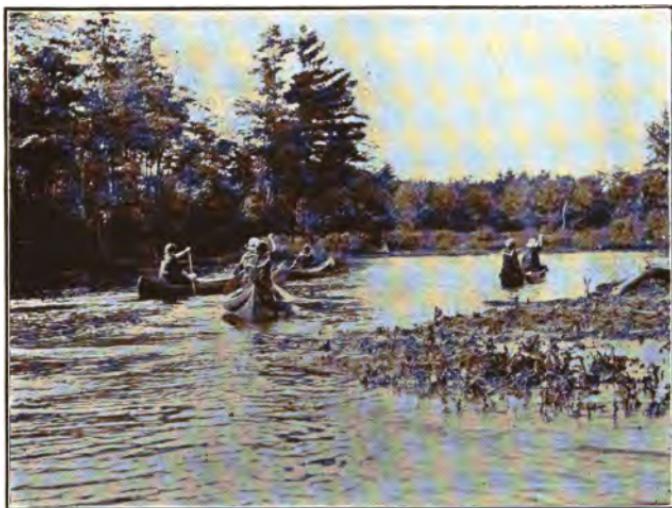


SEBAGO-WOHELO
CAMP FIRE GIRLS



chos on the sand to make the beds. Most of the girls chose their places at once, some looking for secluded spots among the trees, while a few lazily dropped their ponchos wherever they landed, trusting to luck to find a good place to sleep. The thoughtful ones began to gather drift wood, and soon a fire was blazing merrily.

The girls had scarcely noticed a bank of mist that was rolling slowly up from the west shore of the lake, but now its filmy blanket



*"Dipping our paddlers,
Now swift, now slow"*



spread softly over their cove, and across the clear blue waters of the lake, till the warmth and sunshine vanished, and the dancing waters grew gray under its chilly touch. The "Red Beak," coming later with its precious freight of food for the trip, bringing also Hiiteni and a guest, had been wrapped in the mist soon after leaving camp, and was guided to the girls by the light of their fire, which glowed, like a living thing out of the soft, gray blue of the level shore. Coming nearer, Hiiteni saw the dark canoes drawn up along the water's edge, and the girls moving about, so busy and contented, so at home there, camping in the mist, that she was drawn irresistibly toward the magnet of the fire, with its cozy protection against all the chill outside world.

SUPPER AND FROLIC IN THE MIST

As soon as the provisions brought by the "Red Beak" had been landed, black pots began to boil over little fires along the shore—the big fire was chiefly for comfort and company—and the supper of bread and butter, boiled potatoes, creamed beef, and maple syrup boiled down on walnuts was speedily cooked. Some of the girls who were not busy



paddled around the cove, making dreamily beautiful pictures in the mist, but none were absent when the committee began serving the appetizing supper to the hungry girls.

The real Frye's Island frolic came after supper. A huge stump was blazing on the fire now, making strange shadows and weird fire pictures. The mist wrapped the scene about with a veil of privacy and aloofness, till in that lonely spot the rest of the world seemed hardly to exist at all. One by one strange forms crept out from the bushes to bask in the glow of the fire. Hair down, arms bare, one in flaming yellow, another in sea green, with now a kimono of scarlet wrapped about bare white feet, or gowns of white draped and girdled in fantastic forms, the mist-maidens began their revelry. They danced before the fire with sylph-like grace; they acted a tragic Indian legend; they sang quaint old English folk-songs, repeating with thrilling impressiveness the one which ends,

"Tonight she'll sleep in the cold open field,
Along with the raggle-taggle gypsies, oh!"

The mystic beauty of the scene had cast its spell over all, and set to its own harmony



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the thoughts, the feelings, even the fun and frolic of the night.

It was late before Hiiteni could bring herself to call the revelry to an end, but at last she invited all to a good-night dip in the lake. Gladly they went, and mysteriously the waters closed about them, soft and cool. The beauty of the scene can only be described by Embers's poem:

IN MEMORY OF FRYE'S ISLAND

The sand was silver white. The night
Was tenanted with wraiths of mist.

The dusky pebbles on the shore
Were wetly kissed.

And thick against the sky, and high,
The forest crowded down to meet
The mist wraiths hovering on the sand
About its feet.

Upon the sand, a band
Of maidens circled 'round a fire
That redly blazed, and touched with gold
Their strange attire.

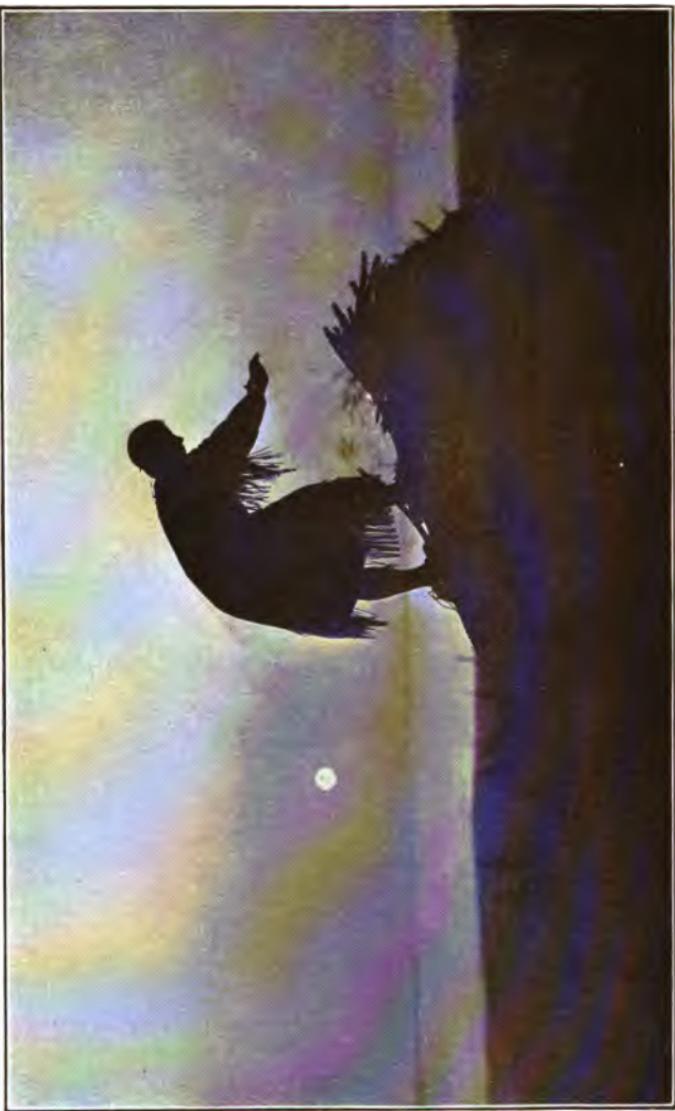
Sounds rose of mystic chants, their dance
Wove in and out with solemn tread.
Reflected in the shifting waves
The fire was red.



The dance grew fast, its song more strong,
Then melted to a rosy flight
Of gleaming forms, that stole away,
Fire-touched with light,
And slipped into a swirl and curl
Of mist-clad waters, softly cool,
Whose velvet cling closed swiftly 'round
Without a sound.

The witchery of that hour a power has given
To take the clean, wild gifts of earth and
heaven,
The love of stars at night, the light of fire.
The joy of song, the mystery of desire,
And dare the freedom of a wild new birth
Into the silent, great, glad joys of earth.

The warmth of the fire welcomed the maidens back to earth and reality, and soon they were slipping into their beds on the sand, too happy at first to lose any of the new experience by falling asleep. The loon laughed his long, eerie laughter, far out over the lake. Close by, in the marshes of the island, a frog tuned his bass viol with vigor, and the girls felt as if they were waiting restlessly for the tune to begin. But they fell asleep still wait-



The Fire Maker



ing, and when they woke it was daylight, and a chickadee was balancing on the end of a branch to sing them a friendly good-morning.

The early risers tried to be very quiet, talking to each other in sign language and moving about with mysterious silence; but the sleepiest woke at last, and tongues were loosened, and everyone hurried down to christen the new day with a dip. Then came breakfast, with fried toast cooked on little fires in a row between two logs, and cocoa from one large kettle. Half a dozen girls were given frying pans, and after they had fried their own toast they passed on the use of the fire and the pan to others. "Have you promised your frying pan? May I have it next?" was the slogan.

"A TANGI"

The sun was bright that morning, so everyone was glad to sit in the shade and do craft-work, wood-blocks, bead-bands, etc., while a story was read aloud. Then came another dip, a hurried rolling of ponchos, and the "Red Beak" was at hand again to take them home. A stiff breeze had risen, making the return quite a different thing from the trip of the day before. Everyone was tired, and a few



who were not very good sailors, were seasick when the shore came in sight.

"How good camp looks!" cried Ma-na.

"But how terribly civilized it seems!" answered Wa-ye-ka, looking with a dazed expression from one to another of the trim little tents which a day or two before had seemed so very primitive. It was a far cry back to the city life, yet so gradually had they come that they scarcely realized the steps they had taken.

Supper that night was simple and quiet, beside Hiiteni's fireplace, and after it Alaska, clad in strange costume, talked from the high rock about the native people of New Zealand, where her childhood days had been spent. She told of many interesting customs and traditions, but the one that particularly impressed the girls was the *tangi*, which, she explained, was a meeting of women to weep together, formally, over one who died.

That night after the girls had gone to their tents a woesome noise arose from "Niebelungen" and was caught up by "The Heavenlies" and swept over all the camp, a noise like a nursery full of grown-up babies deprived of their favorite toys. It was a *tangi*. Why it was



given no one knew, unless because the first camping trip of the season was over, and the "Camp in the Mist" could never again be anything but a memory in the hearts of the weepers.



Ca-da-sa

VI

MASTERING THE WATER AND PRIMITIVE COOKING

“**W**e pull long, we pull strong, we pull
keen and true,
A dip now, a foaming prow, through waters
so blue.
We sing to the king of the big black rocks,
Through waters we glide like a long-tailed
fox!”

On the second Tuesday of camp this song echoed across the lake, for crew practice had begun. The four crews had already been chosen, “The Flying Fishes,” “The Singing Swans,” “The Blue Beavers”—the fourth was yet nameless, as there had been but three in other years. Helpful was to train two of the crews, and To-mo-ke the other two.

Monday evening had been the time of Council Fire, and the girls were a trifle sleepier than usual, but the crew of “The Flying Fishes” struggled bravely out of slumber at a quarter of seven to the rattle of pebbles on



the tent roof. Dressed in bathing suits, they tumbled sleepily into their places in the war-canoe for the half hour of drill in the mysteries of "rest," "cross-rest," "fin-rest," etc., not to mention the simple art of paddling together in perfect time. It was a beautiful sight on the still morning to see the long canoe on the silent, gray lake, moving rhythmically farther and farther away, then returning gaily just as camp awakened. The girls came in singing "Oh, we own the lake!" with an accompaniment of waving paddles, and lined up on the dock for their trainer's "Thanks for the day, Comrades," to which they replied with a vigorous and prolonged "Yea!" that made the rocks echo. Then they joined the other dippers, and crew practice was over for that morning.

LEARNING TO FLY

A dock was in place now, and the girls noticed when they went out for their practice that morning that a springboard had been added. This meant that diving was to begin, and the swimming hour was a time of great excitement. Ki-lo-des-ka started the ball rolling with her famous dives, and others soon fol-



lowed, some making neat, clean dives with feet together, some going down flat with a stinging pain, but getting up to try again. Some, even of those who could swim, were too timid to try diving, but the brave ones cheered them on. He-ta-ya especially devoted herself to helping Sun-o-wa, who only needed self-confidence. But today she refused to attempt to dive, so He-ta-ya gave her up at last, and took her own turn at the springboard. She had never learned any but the simplest form of diving, but she watched Ki-lo-des-ka, and tried some of her dives with a fearlessness and skill that promised well for her future attainment.

Meanwhile Ki-lo-des-ka had been swimming under water, her yellow hair glinting golden in the sunshine. Those who watched her, disappearing for long intervals, coming up to breathe, then swimming away again, understood how she had won her name of "The Mermaid." Three other girls were out in the lake with overturned canoes, trying with rare persistence to splash out the water and paddle back to shore. No sooner was one wave splashed out, than another leaped defiantly in, and the canoes were all the while drifting a



Ki-lo-des-ka swimming under water



little farther from shore in the wind. When the swimming time ended Da-su, one of the twins, had paddled to shore, but the others were compelled to give up and try another day.

WELCOMING A GUEST

In their strenuous play the girls had given little heed to a visitor who had arrived during swimming hour, and now sat on the bank watching, commenting in a pleasant, southern drawl on all that they were doing, exclaiming over the value of these lessons in self-reliance, which would fit them to meet any emergency that might arise. She sat there quietly, with an air of leisure that might have led anyone to suppose she had never done anything more strenuous in her life than watch from the grand stand and smile a graceful approval.

But at dinner-time word was given, "Sing a cheer to Miss Moore."

"Oh," one after another exclaimed with enthusiasm, "she is the government expert who has come to teach us canning!" And they sang with right good will:

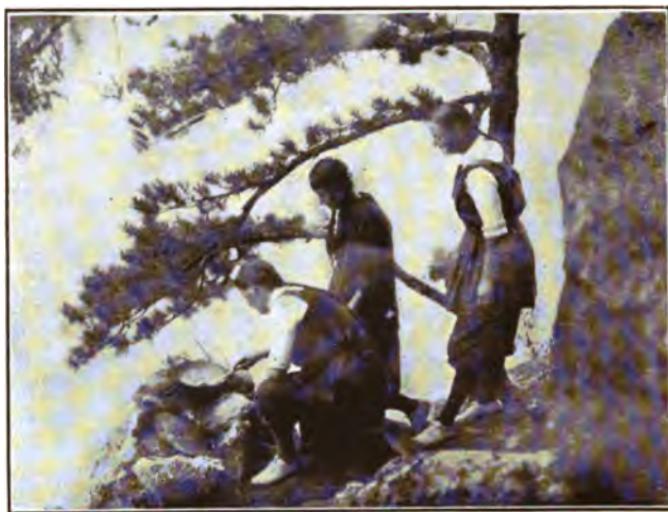
"Give a cheer, give a cheer,
Wake the echoes far and near,



To the pride of the white and blue;
Oh, Wohelo, we'll sing till the mountain
echoes ring,
Miss Moore, here's to you!"

To this song of greeting Miss Moore made smiling, graceful acknowledgment, and the girls took her into their hearts at once, and during her short visit in camp she proved that they had made no mistake in giving her cordial welcome.

Then Hiiteni made a little speech which absorbed all thoughts. "This evening," she said, "the girls of each tent may cook their own suppers. If there is no fireplace beside your tent you can build one. Last year the weather was too dry so that we were afraid of causing fires, but this year it will be quite safe, and unless conditions change, we shall do this every Tuesday night. Each group must fill a pail of water and keep it near the fire, to be used in case of emergency. Ti-ya-ta will give out the provisions from the kitchen. You may send two representatives from each tent to receive them when the bugle blows. There will be bacon, potatoes, bread and butter, and materials for fudge. If you like, you



"Top o' the Rocks"

can pour the fudge on the bread and butter before it is quite stiff, and make a delicious dessert, but you may eat it as candy if you prefer. Please decide during rest hour how you will cook your food, and, if you need any extra materials, you can ask for them when you receive your supplies."

This meant a busy afternoon spent in gathering wood, repairing the little stone fire-places, and plunging into the delights of cookery. Several girls prepared to cook supper



with Miss Moore at the guest tent, "Top o' the Rocks," which is generally agreed to possess the most picturesque fireplace in camp. It was built on the very edge of a rock which slopes steeply down into the water, with a little, sturdy, slanting pine tree leaning out beside it, making Japanese outlines against the sunset sky.

SUPPER-TIME IN THE TENTS

That evening Embers sat in the farthest corner patiently baking potatoes in a special fire under an overhanging rock, while the others passed wood to her as she needed it, and fed her with bread and butter and bacon. Miss Moore toasted her slice of bacon with girlish delight and enthusiasm, offering to teach the girls how to make real southern hoe-cake the next week. Dis-ya-di performed the astonishing feat of stirring fudge with one hand and holding her bacon stick with the other, without harm to either. The little group was just enjoying to the full the thrilling sense of being quite independent of the devices of civilization, when a call from above told that someone was passing around with a large tray of cake, bidding them take one piece each.



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With a noble effort they subdued their objections and helped themselves to cake. Then "The Chipmunks" brought Miss Moore a dish of ripe red raspberries which they had gathered, washed, and sugared for her, and which she insisted upon sharing with her supper-mates. Gradually the "Tuesday-night-supper feeling" began to come to every one,—the feeling that there is a great deal too much to eat in this world, and that it were best to lie down and rest awhile after the exertion of doing one's duty by it. Before the summer was ended this feeling was too well known to need comment.

But "The Top o' the Rocks" family rallied bravely to new activities. A councilor volunteered to be Miss Moore's guide on a tour of the camp, while the others cleared up the supper dishes. Some of the tents had finished their supper, but all had a little fudge left for the purposes of hospitality, which they pressed upon their visitors in spite of protests. It was delicious, and the visitors were interested in observing the little differences in ways and devices for cooking. "The Kingfishers" had neatly spread on a paper plate the oiled paper in which their bacon had been wrapped,



The Heavenlies' kitchen

and poured their fudge out on this to harden. Some had boiled their potatoes, some had baked them, and one tent had served them French fried. "The Whippies" had been cooking in a kettle, which hung on a crane over a large fireplace near the tennis court. Now that the feast was over they had filled the kettle with water, and were nobly washing their dishes in hot water, an example that others might well have followed. Several of the tents talked largely of the ovens they were going to have, and the things they were going



to bake, boasts which happily they lived to fulfil.

Last of all the visitors came to "The Heavenly Twins," whose fireplace, on the highest ledge of all, nearly rivalled in picturesque effect that of "Top o'the Rocks." When the guests stood on the platform between the two tents, looking down over the rustic railing, the girls responded to their greeting by singing a fudge song they had composed while eating, with He-ta-ya as cheer leader to direct the tune and the motions. The song has not survived the test of time, and perhaps the world is not much poorer, but during its short life it was a success. When other visitors came up to the tents a little later they were cordially urged to repeat the performance, and they gracefully did so.

"THE HEAVENLIES" AS ENTERTAINERS

The singers stood before the closed tent flaps of "Heavenly II," while their audience sat in the doorway of "Heavenly I," or reposed in comfort on its little cots. Cheering was enthusiastic. Intoxicated by their success the singers soared to undreamed of heights, and



volunteered to give an opera—or was it an uproar? They retired into the tent for costumes that proved to be fearful and wonderful combinations,—dyed lingerie of the summer, supplemented by a bath robe, a mannish straw hat, and similar accessories. They rendered the Sextette from *Lucia*, in six different keys at the same time, and a tragic opera in an unknown tongue, but with perfectly intelligible slayings and lamentations. He-ta-ya and Te-pa gave their famous “Toreadore” performance, which never ceased to be called for, at intervals, from that time until the end of camp. Sun-o-wa rendered a Danish dance, and Ce-ki-ca-ti came in just in time for a Spanish one, with the aid of a scarf and sombrero. The audience was steadily growing in numbers, and was fairly shaking the tent with laughter and applause.

After repeating each act several times the actresses retired with many bows and modest hints of their disappointment at the absence of flowers. But the audience was so insistent for more that at last they yielded. “We have one more act to give,” Ce-ki-ca-ti announced, “but it will take us some time to prepare for it, and we shall have to ask you to wait patiently.”

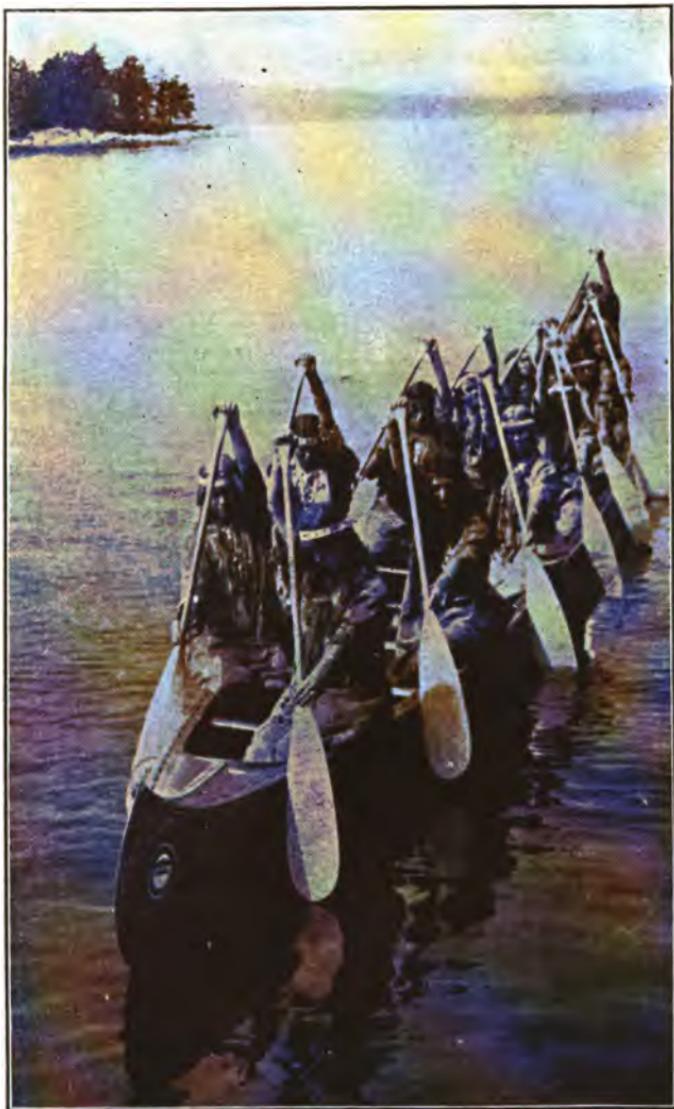


They drew the tent flaps behind them, while the admiring audience slipped furtively out for bouquets of hemlock branches. Then they came back and waited. They waited long, until at last it was discovered that the tent behind the closed flaps was empty. The actresses had quietly climbed out by the back way! And so the "Heavenly Opera" ended as unexpectedly and quite as effectively as it had begun.

These spontaneous gayeties—what is it that suddenly calls them into existence in a happy moment of exhilaration, dowering them with a wild, wilful humor that we could not have caught with months of forethought and drill? It seemed as if this evening of cooking together by the tent fire had called into being a new element of comradeship that fused the spirits and powers of the girls into joyous expression.



Ga-oh



"Oh, we own the Lake!"

VII

CANNING AND CAMPING

IF Miss Moore had been rather uniquely entertained on her first day in camp, it was her turn now to open the eyes of the girls to another kind of outdoor cookery that proved scarcely less novel and fascinating. She appeared the next morning in a trim white apron and cap, and all in camp followed her to the open space beside "The Blue Birds'" tent.

Tin cans and little tin tops came out of a box, together with the very newest kind of "topper," an ingenious device to aid in soldering. Last came the canner itself, a square, zinc box, with a chimney, which was easily fitted into place. The lower compartment was a firebox, the upper was to be filled with water, and Miss Moore cautioned the girls never to forget to put the water in before starting the fire if they did not wish to ruin the canner.

There were amusing little stories to accompany the explanation of the working of the canner. One could see her, as she talked, vis-



iting the towns of her state, and introducing the subject of canning. She related some of her conversations with women who evidently had thought her a mere schoolgirl.

"Was canning hard work?"

"Well, they guessed she had never tried it or she would not ask that!"

"Did it keep?"

"Why, of course. Sometimes you had to go a long way down to get past the mould, but it kept."

Then tactfully she had persuaded the women to try the new method, placing the fruit or vegetables in the cans before cooking and lowering them into the hot water for the "processing," as she called it; and to their amazement she had proved to them that this method, which seemed like play compared with the old, indoor, stand-over-the-stove way, nevertheless kept the fruit much better, and gave more of its original flavor. She explained to them that the new method could be used with glass cans as well as tin, by leaving the tops a trifle loose while "processing," and that, if one had no canner, a boiler over a stove would answer the purpose very well, the principle being exactly the same.



She paused a moment to show the girls how the cans were to be lowered into the water by the racks made for the purpose, then went on to the story of how this canning work had started in Tennessee, after the success of the boys' corn clubs had driven the girls wild with envy. She told how a plucky little school teacher had taken a leave of absence from her work and devoted herself to finding what could best take the place of corn as a special study for girls' clubs, and had finally hit upon the tomato, which can be used in perhaps a larger variety of ways than any other vegetable, and is beautiful as well as nutritious. Miss Moore told amazing tales of what some girls had done with the tenth of an acre of land, planted with tomatoes they cultivated themselves, and of exciting contests and trips to Washington that were awarded as prizes for the best work.

It touched a little spring of Camp Fire pride to learn that, in part, the Canning Clubs were striving for the same purpose as the Camp Fire Girls' organization, to give girls new opportunities for social life, for working together at something worth while, and, best of all, for knowing the joy of earning their

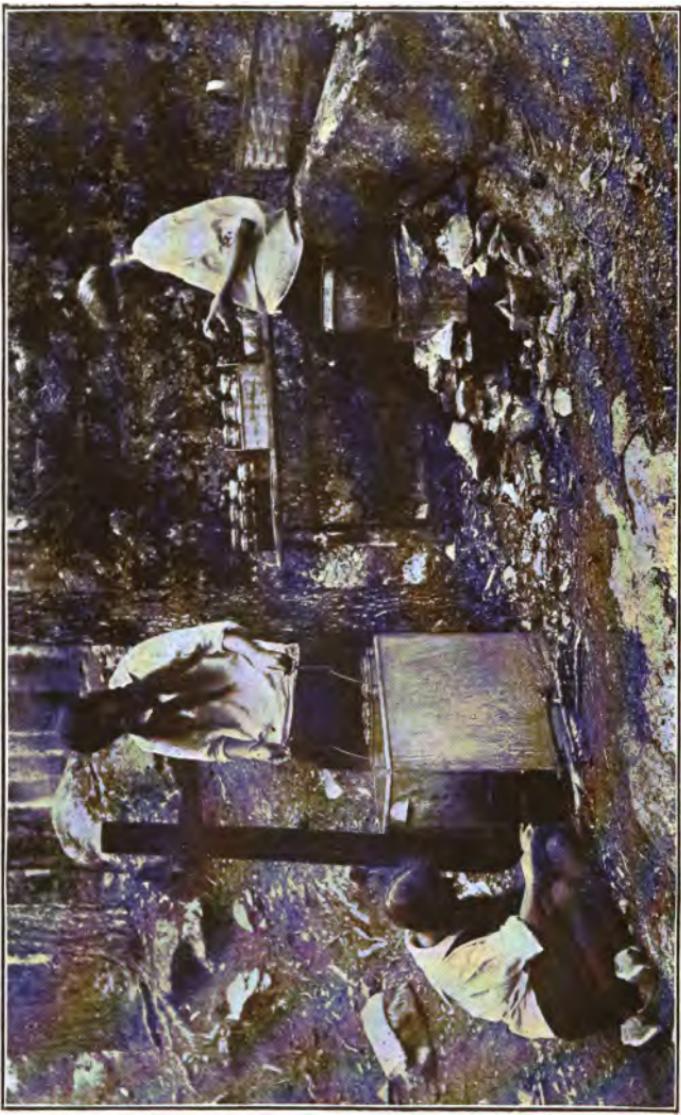


own living in wholesome, healthful ways. She added that the Camp Fire Girls had the advantage in cultivating the beauty and romance of life with the practical side, and that nothing could be finer than for the two organizations to work together.

Her enthusiasm, and the earnestness that lay beneath the bright winsomeness of her ways, had kindled the girls to eagerness to take up this new craft, but they were obliged to wait to begin the actual work of canning until the fruit could be selected, which in a camp in the Maine woods in early summer was not a matter of a moment's time. But when Hiiteni and Miss Moore went motoring off to Portland the next morning they knew that the fruit would be soon forthcoming.

THE SECOND CAMPING TRIP

Meantime came the second camping trip—but there is not space to tell all the things that happened before it was over. This time the girls really walked with ponchos over their shoulders all the way from the camp to the point called “Frye’s Leap,” where a white man named Frye is supposed to have saved his life by diving into the lake when followed



*"Oh, I'll can and you'll can
All that we can can!"*



by Indians. Here they cooked and ate and dipped, and in the morning they saw the lake steamer go by with a load of Camp Fire Girls on board. This was an event indeed. The Sebago-Wohelo girls called to them, speaking all together as they so well knew how, and the girls heard and repeated the name.

But when they tried to give their own in return their voices scattered and were lost, either because they were unable to mass themselves together in the boat, or because, as Tiamanous would have said, "they had not fully mastered the art of team work." So they passed "like ships in the night," yet left behind a glow of fellowship and a sharing of ideals, for whoever they were, whatever their name, they were Camp Fire Girls!

CANNING AGAIN

When the girls returned from this trip they found alluring crates of fruit waiting on the dock, and on Saturday morning the first canning crew went to work, with the rest of the girls on the bank above watching them. They had no dainty uniforms, but they did their best, with bathing and boudoir caps and such aprons as they could find. Beans, to-



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matoes and peaches were canned, some in glass jars, some in tin, and when dinner time came one of the girls ate her dinner beside the canner to watch the peaches, which were last to finish. When these were at last completed they very proudly surveyed their rows of jars, and planned great things for the time when blueberries should be ripe.

Next Monday evening at the Council Fire, when canning days were reached in the Count, Hiiteni asked the reader to pause a moment. Forth came four maidens and sang the "Song of Canning," to the tune of "Oh, I'm here and you're here," which has since become familiar to Seabago-Wohelo maidens. It goes:

"Oh I'll can, and you'll can
All that we can can!
So start a fire in the canner
And fetch out a pan—
And we will blanch and peel and wash
Tomatoes, peaches, beans, and squash,
And they will simmer
In air-tight containers
Of crystal and stone,
All packed with a grace and a style
That is really our own,



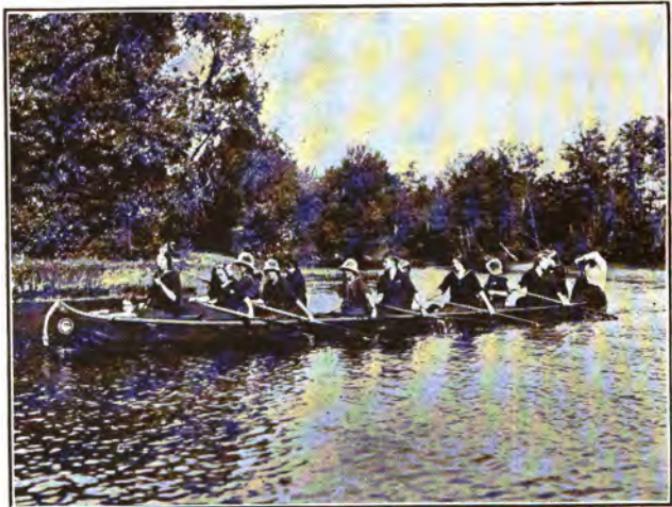
And we will make the whole world
Sit up and take notice
That we can can!"

Incidentally on that evening Miss Moore was initiated into the ranks of The Camp Fire Girls, which ceremony wedded The Canning Clubs and The Camp Fire Girls more firmly together, and the conquest of cookery and canning as outdoor sports was complete.

(Information about the Canning Clubs may be had by writing The Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.)



Mna-ka



*We'll all pull together
For we're maids of Wohelo*

VIII

EVERY TENT A SONG

THE Camp Fire fever was at its height. Timanous had made another visit, and given a talk on "The Desires of the American Girl," her desire for money of her own, for something worth while to do, for friendship and for a home. He had kindled into life many latent desires for self-reliance and worthwhile achievements in the hearts of his listeners, and the activities of camp were every day giving them fresh outlet.

"Kingfishers' Inn" had announced itself as ready to receive guests in pairs for five cents a night, pillow fights five cents extra. Every night some new form of entertainment was provided, and registration was full for at least a week in advance. This was a new and novel way of earning the money for dues. Every Camp Fire Girl earns the money with which she pays her dues by her own efforts, no matter what may be her income or allowance.



Other tents and individuals chose less spectacular ways of earning, such as taking in washings of middies, giving shampoos and neck washes at swimming hour and gathering balsam for those who had not time to gather it themselves. Every girl in camp seemed to be fitting herself for a business career by taking account of whatever talents she could turn to practical and lucrative purposes. In swimming, in craft-work, in nature lore and cookery the girls were striving eagerly for honors and promotion in the ranks.

It had been amusing on the last camping trip, at a place afterward known to the girls as "Flat Rock Island," to see the eagerness of everyone to take part in cooking the meals. In the morning eggs were given out to a number of girls to cook for the party, and one could be heard calling, "Poached eggs over here!" while another begged, pathetically, "Please somebody order a fried egg! I want to fry an egg!" As a result of their zeal several were waiting to claim the honor, as one of them expressed it in Council Fire, for "cooking an egg in four different ways."

It was Monday now, and, to complicate matters further every tent was in the throes



of musical composition in preparation for the great contest. "Original words and music" had been the orders, with "Health" as the suggested subject, though other subjects might be allowed. The songs were to be sung in the evening at the ceremonial meeting. All day Sunday, except during service and rest-hour, the piano had been wearily twanging out the processes of composition, similar in effect, to unsympathetic ears, to the tuning of the instrument. All day Monday the tents slipped away together whenever a pause in the day's program permitted a hasty practice in the woods, for a last attempt to brush up the melody or the words.

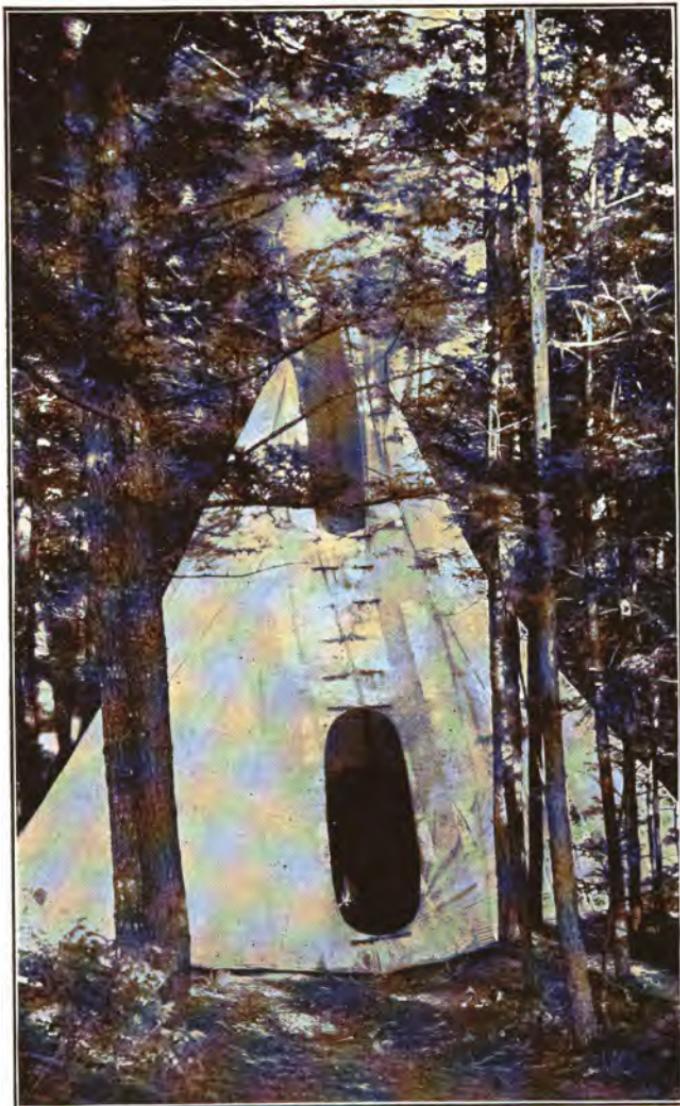
A FAREWELL

The day began sadly enough, with a farewell to the guardian from Kansas City, whose hearty laugh had rung out so merrily that camp was going to seem strange without it. She was a clever girl, and a good camper, and it seemed like losing a bit of camp to have her leave, but the girls were going to say good-by merrily, if say it they must. So when breakfast was over, a group of the girls emerged from the bungalow playing on combs,



Yarn for the Weaving

with Embers at the head, walking backward and beating time with a tennis racket. The others fell into line behind them, escorting Hiiteni and the departing guardian, both of whom looked painfully civilized in city skirts and hats. Up the long path they went to the road, where the auto waited, and there the Kansas City maiden kissed them all good-by and promised to return for the last two weeks of camp if possible. She did not come back,



*"Create a new home in our woods
And light the teepee in the night"*



but a parting is easier if we can at least pretend that it is only for a little while.

The girls hurried back to their craft work, reluctant to lose time on it, only pausing a little as they went to ask the meaning of a great white thing that was going up in the woods behind the tennis court. "What is it? What is it for?"

"It is Hiiteni's teepee," Kee-wee explained proudly. "Isn't it wonderful? We are going to have Council Fires in there on rainy nights, and sit in it often to tell stories."

"Oh, I wish it would rain tonight!" cried one of the girls.

"Don't wish that!" protested a "Heavenly." "We need space for singing our song."

"Oh, do you? Guess it's going to be an action song."

"The Heavenly" suddenly became uncommunicative, and Kee-wee went on happily confiding to the world that she, too, had a teepee, a little one she had made all herself, which she was going to set up somewhere in the woods.

HONOR BEADS

This Monday afternoon was the busiest time imaginable. In the bungalow Ce-ki-ca-ti,



who had charge of the honor records, was receiving lists of those the girls had won during the week, and giving out beads for the ones which had been awarded them the week before. In so large a group it was impossible actually to award all the beads at the Council Fire, for the mere reading of the honors took up many minutes, and Hiiteni was eager for someone to suggest a way of making it more interesting. Already Ce-ki-ca-ti's resourceful mind was at work on the problem.

The girls were busy at the tables, each one filling out her honor sheets by painting, in its appropriate color, the symbol for each honor she had won, after which the beads would be given her. Some were decorating the neat brown pages of their individual Count books. Over in one corner a girl was singing "America" to Ta-ku, as a test for one of the required honors, while in another corner Helpful was testing several as to their knowledge of elementary bandaging. Another was telling over the mythical stories of seven constellations that she had learned to distinguish, for, on pleasant evenings, To-mo-ke had been holding a star-gazing class on the rock before the bungalow. With Ki-lo-des-ka's help he had



contrived to make a little sky of blue mosquito bar, outlining on it, in beads of different sizes, the most prominent stars and groups of the season, and this had been hung overhead in the bungalow for study before there was any attempt to decipher the real stars out-of-doors. Evenings on the water or by the edge of it were made much pleasanter by this new intimacy with at least a few of the mysterious watchers from above.

Not until the supper bugle sounded was the bungalow entirely deserted. Then the last stragglers seized their beads and hurried over to Hiiteni's fireplace, where a fire had been built, and a huge kettle hung from a rude tripod over it. The supper committee soon emerged from the kitchen with a large dish of melted butter and a basket of crackers. The lid of the kettle was removed and delicious, tempting, savory steamed clams were dished out in large quantities on paper plates, to be dipped in the melted butter and eaten. The accessories of sandwiches, cake, etc., had scant attention that night.

When supper was over the girls hastened away to don their ceremonial costumes before sunset. Softly and sweetly from the water's



edge sounded the call "Wo-he-lo, Wo-he-lo, Wo-he-lo!" and softly the girls answered as they came gliding down, some stepping out on the boulders that straggled away from shore, others standing tall and straight on the rocks above.

THE SUNSET SONG

As the sun went slowly down behind the mountains far across the lake, they lifted their arms and sang, "Good-night to Thee, Sun Mother," repeating it softly and still more softly, till the flaming globe of light slipped behind the crest of the mountain, then knelt for a moment with bowed heads in reverent thankfulness for the day that was gone. How the maidens felt about this sunset song may be shown by lines from the Count of the next week, written by the girls of "Heavenly Rest":

"There they sang their good-night
greeting

And were answered by a promise,
Written not in words and music
But in glorious light and color.
And they knew that after twilight,
After darkness, after dawning,



"Good Night to Thee, Sun Mother!"



There would come again the greeting
Of the morrow's glorious sunrise."

After the song the moccasined feet of the girls stepped softly up through the woods to the place of the Council Fire. Here a new delight awaited them. Hiiteni had often been dissatisfied with the fire at the side of the tennis court because in the motion songs the girls could not circle around it. So tonight they gathered around a fire made in a box filled with sand, and set in the center of the circle on the court, the triangular form, for Work, Health, and Love, being the final artistic touch that completed the happy solution and delighted the girls.

CONFERRING HONORS AT THE COUNCIL FIRE

Several guests, who had come to watch the Council Fire, were sitting back among the trees. Two of these were a part of the Camp Fire Girls' organization in the city and were asked to rise while the Indian names they had chosen were bestowed upon them. Then Alaska initiated several new Wood Gatherers, giving them the coveted siver rings



with the seven fagots for the "Seven Points of the Law."

Seek beauty,
Give service,
Pursue knowledge,
Be trustworthy,
Hold on to health,
Glorify work,
Be happy.

"I never wanted anything so much in my life as I wanted that Wood Gatherer's ring!" one of the girls said afterward. She had many rings more costly than this, but she had not striven and worked for those, nor found any sweet meaning of comradeship and growth in the wearing of them.

Embers had been asked to initiate the Fire Makers, for she was a guardian, and so had a right to give the symbol of rank. She could not resist the impulse for a bit of fun in the initiation of Te-pa, asking her how she interpreted the requirement to know "the appropriate dressing of the hair." Remembering the ever-present french-roll and comb the girls laughed gaily. But Embers returned to the serious in a moment, giving a little talk



on the meaning of becoming a Fire Maker, one of those who really keeps the fires of love burning, wherever they are found, whose coming brings brightness into any circle, who makes real her pledge to tend

"The fire that is called
The love of man for man,
The love of man for God."

Hiiteni herself initiated the Torch Bearers, and her eyes shone tenderly, for Ki-lo-des-ka, her youngest daughter, Ki-lo-des-ka of the golden hair, was one of them. She had this summer assumed responsibilities with the girls in camp that entitled her to become one of those who pass on to others the light that they themselves have received.

When the list of honors had been read, Ce-ki-ca-ti suggested a new way of emphasizing them. She asked all who had received home-craft honors to rise and sing the canning song; all who had received health honors a boating song, and so on with each of the seven crafts, ending with "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" for patriotism. Then everyone sang the Work Song with motions, to fittingly celebrate the



work which they had done in winning their honors.

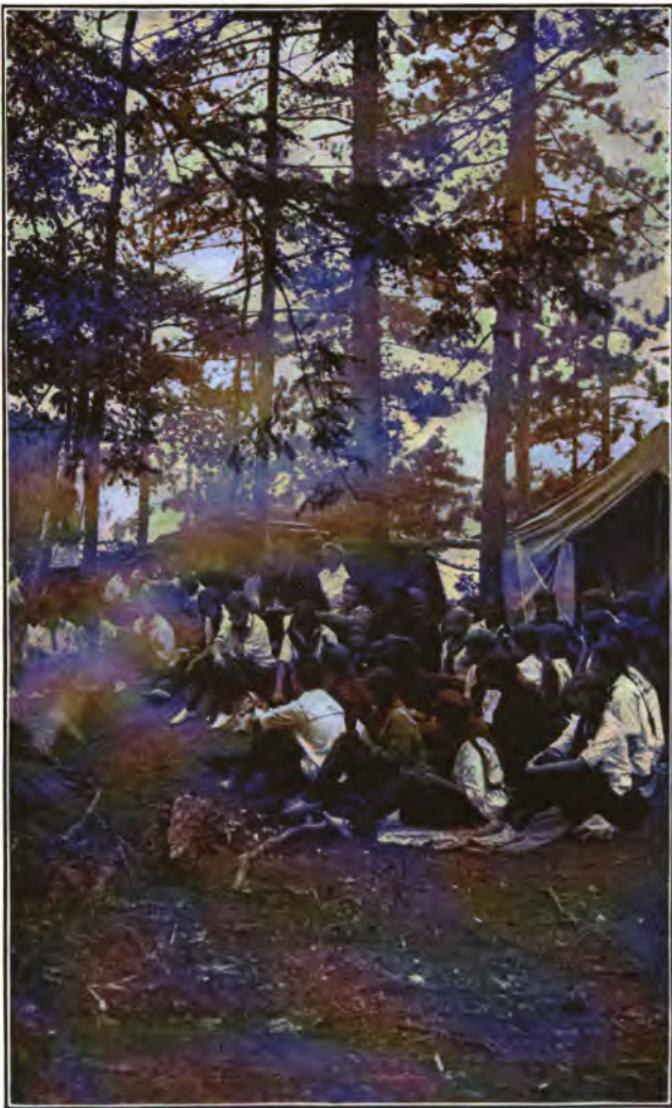
Woh-do-ke-ca and four other girls had volunteered to act out the tale of "Theseus and the Minotaur," and this they did in an original style that set the fashion for many charming folk stories before the summer's end. When quiet Su-ni appeared as the minotaur, on all fours and growling dangerously, the classic beauty of the myth was in danger of being received with levity, but tragedy sobered the audience at the sad climax.

THE SONG CONTEST

"But why the strange unusual tension
Which we felt throughout the meeting?"

the next week's Count inquired, and answered itself by telling how the maidens were racking their brains to remember the words and tunes for the contest that was to follow this first bit of entertainment. With mingled terror and relief they heard Hiiteni ask two of the guests to aid Timanous in deciding the victory.

"Heavenly I" set a high standard, with a spectacular Torch Bearer's song, in which ten



Singing around Hüteni's fire place



girls wandered in the darkness with unlighted torches outside of the circle, then stepping inside, found Hiiteni to light their torches and to give them the privilege of passing on the light to others. "The Blue Birds" sang a little health song of their own, sang it with a sweetness and care that showed how well their councilor had trained them. "The Kingfishers" disgraced themselves, but amused the company, by forgetting their song in the middle, though they always insisted it was stage fright. At all events the song, or at least two lines of it, won instant and complete popularity. It begins:

"When Helpful blows the bugle,
Down to the dock we go!"

and is sung while gently, but firmly, holding your nose. For Helpful the Little had not yet learned to blow the bugle and breathe at the same time.

The song of "Heavenly II" also won popularity, in spite of the fact that the girls were seized with giggles in the middle of it, and left brave Te-ca-ya to finish it alone. But their song was rivalled by the sweet "Camp Fire Good-night" which Kee-wee had written



for "The Chipmunks," and taught their soft little voices to sing with perfect harmony. Another rival was the song of "Top o' the Rocks" and Fawassa, which Dis-ya-di declared she had stolen from a song sparrow that woke her every morning. These three the judges asked to have repeated, and finally decided that the song of "The Chipmunks" deserved the prize. The song proved the rightness of their choice by singing itself into the hearts of everyone in camp at once, and from that time the Council Fires were seldom closed with any other tune.



Kee-wee

IX

CAMPING IN THE RAIN

ALL summer long Alaska had been making remarks about the weather. She frequently said that in her country you could not go anywhere without planning for rain, and that it seldom disappointed you, while Seabago-Wohelo Camp Fire Girls had taken trip after trip without a drop of rain to hinder. She could not become accustomed to it.

At some time she must have spoken loud enough for the weather-man to hear, and, just to prove that he knew how to send rain if he wished, he must have been ready for the Crooked River trip, which thoroughly established his reputation. If any girl thought that the best he could do was the soft, drizzly rain which had driven the Council Fire into the teepee on the Monday night before, she was to find herself much mistaken.

The annual Crooked River Trip was one of the most important of the whole summer. It is a long trip, lasting over two nights in-



stead of one. The launch tows the canoes as far up the Songo River and its Crooked branch as possible, then the girls land and camp for a night, to paddle on the next day to a camping spot farther up the river. The scenery is of rare beauty and a pleasant change from the rough, hard outlines of the rocky lake shore. The girls had heard much of this trip, they felt in fine trim for paddling, and everyone was eager to go.

THE WEATHER MAN DOES HIS WORST

And, presto, change! On the very Wednesday morning on which they were to start the sky clouded over in real earnest! Hiiteni looked worried, but Ti-ya-to, who had charge of the trip, was confident that she could keep the girls dry, "even if it did rain a little," and of course the girls were with her in pleading to go just the same. They went—about nine o'clock in the morning, with the rain beginning to sprinkle as they reached the dock. The canoes had been fitted out with new hooks and staples to fasten the ropes which held them together, and the long line curled into place in the wake of the "Red Beak," and



glided smoothly away, the girls smiling defiance at the threatening sky above.

They were but out of reach from shore when the rain came, first steadily, then in torrents! They put on their sweaters, covered the provisions as best they could, and rode gaily on. Helpful the Great offered to take them back, but they scorned his offer. Long before they reached the first-night camping ground the rain was falling in such sheets that further progress seemed inconvenient, to say the least, so they landed and sought shelter under a tree, and the "Red Beak" chugged away alone through the rain.

"What a glorious chance to earn our honor for building a fire in wind and rain!" cried Alaska. They set to work with such materials as they could find, using dead branches from the trees for the first fuel, then gradually adding damp wood as the fire grew strong enough to bear it. They succeeded at last in getting a splendid blaze. Then they cooked and ate a very welcome dinner, and sat down around the fire to spend the afternoon.

By some magical flash of forethought Alaska had brought with her "Three Men in a Boat," which, under any circumstances, is one

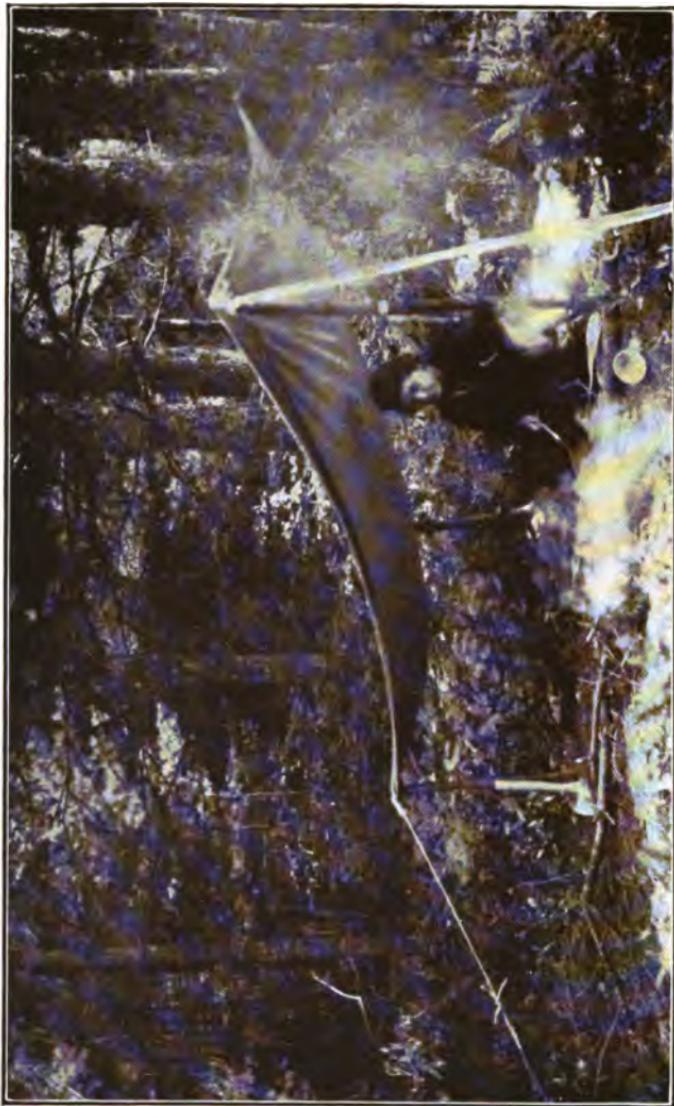


of the funniest books that can possibly be read aloud. Here, under conditions that made every discomfort of that famous river trip seem real and plausible, with Alaska's English accent and humorous tongue to add to the spice, it was "roaringly funny!" The girls declared that they had never had so jolly a time in their lives! They forgot the wetness, and time slipped away almost unnoticed until a sense of inner want reminded them of its flight. Then they cooked and ate a delicious supper and made their beds for the night.

WEIRD NIGHT WATCHES

They had taken a vote as to whether or not they should go home, but every vote was negative. It was not raining so hard now, and as the blankets were dry they were sure of a comfortable night. They turned the canoes over for shelter, arranging for four to sleep together with their heads under a canoe and the ponchos to cover them. Ce-ki-ca-ti and Ho-sa, for variety, made a shelter of their poncho by hanging it over them on four sticks.

When these arrangements were made they settled down by the fire for more of "Three Men in a Boat." It was still raining quietly,



“A shelter from wind and rain”



and the soft swish of it among the trees was disturbed by gusts of wind that wailed through the wet branches over their heads. As darkness fell the weird mystery of the situation increased.

The girls were just in the mood for Ti-yatta's suggestion that they build watch fires and tend them by turns all night. "It will seem more cheerful," she said, "and we can dry each other's shoes and stockings while we watch." The girls went to work at once to build fires, at long distances apart, and to divide the night into watches. At two of the fires two or three girls shared each watch, but the third was tended by a single maiden through every period of the night.

"How did you feel when you were watching by your fire?" someone asked Ma-na the next morning.

"Oh, wonderful! Like some old pioneer sitting alone in the forest," she answered.

"And it was the strangest thing," Embers added, "to wake in the night and see that lone watcher silhouetted against the firelight! Oh, it was indescribable!"

"It was so funny to be wakened and told that your time had come for watching," Kani-



da-ka added. "Why, I thought I had just fallen asleep when Alaska waked me and said, 'Don't you want to watch?' I thought she meant didn't I want to watch when my turn came, and I turned over and went to sleep! She had to shake me hard before I understood. And when I called Wa-ya-ka she slipped one arm into her kimono, then dropped asleep again before she knew it."

Never say girls do not sleep on camping trips in the rain! They slept, they woke well and happy, and not one of them showed the slightest sign of a cold, either then or later.

MORNING! UP AND ONWARD

The last watcher in the morning had seen a rift of sunshine break through the clouds, and by the time all gathered for breakfast the sky was bright, and the clouds were blowing away. Then, in the words of a favorite camping song: "The pancakes in the morning built their constitutions up" for the paddling that was before them. Ti-ya-ta made a trip to the nearest hamlet for a few supplies, and telephoned to Hiiteni that all was well. She brought back word that Hiiteni had offered to send the launch to bring them home, and



they laughed at the thought. They had had, they declared, the greatest experience of the whole summer, and they talked together for many days of the wonder of that watch in the night.

The banks of the river, as they paddled cautiously up its shallow, winding course, were hung with lovely green things, fresh as the shower could make them. Goldenrod was beginning to gleam among the bushes, and the cardinal flowers glowed like tiny blood drops in the green. A king bird flashed black and white in the trees. A dead branch bobbed up and down in the water like a snake, and the "old girls" laughed as they remembered that it had played the same trick in other years. Then they exclaimed: "Oh, there's the place we camped last year," and laughed, and then grew wistful over the memories. Soon they passed the place where the boys of the camp were staying, for they, too, had chosen Crooked River as their camping ground, and had passed a delightful night in the rain. To-mo-ke, Helpful the Little, Pi-ki-da's brother and Fuzzie's ten-year-old brother Pete made up this party, and good campers they were, too!



The final camping place was a long point, jutting out where the river bent sharply back on itself, a pleasant, grassy place, that looked very familiar, the "old girls" said, except that many of the trees had been cut down, "leaving us more space to play in." It had been a long pull up the river, and the paddlers were glad enough to pull up their canoes and stretch their tense muscles. Some of them were barefoot, for in several places it had been necessary to lift the canoes over the rapids. Their first thought now was to get into bathing suits, and seek still further the acquaintance of the river gods.

AMUSEMENT AND OCCUPATION IN CAMP

Even if the girls had not brought bead bands, spoons to carve, and other hand-craft materials, they would have been busy as bees that afternoon. Ce-ki-ca-ti and Ho-sa built a fine little shelter of hemlock boughs, with a wall on one side and a roof over it, ready to sleep under when night came.

Alaska, with some assistance from her girls, made a real Indian bed of hemlock boughs, laying part of them right side up and



part the other way to give spring to the bed, bordering the whole with logs. Others built hemlock beds, too, but Alaska's was the thickest and softest, and the girls came from all over the camp to see it. Those who were not similarly busy were sitting under the trees making baskets of pine needles under the instructions of Mna-ka, who had thoughtfully brought raffia and needles for the purpose. This occupation proved so fascinating that she could scarcely supply materials for all.

For supper there was corn chowder, with biscuit baked in reflecting ovens, which the girls had ingeniously made of syrup cans cut and bent into shape. After supper there was entertainment for all at the "Crooked Cuckoos' Curiorium," where massage was offered at a modest price to two victims at a time, with the privilege of resting on Alaska's bed and listening to "pleasant conversation." The proceeds were to go as Camp Fire dues. So many applied that some dates were left unfilled until the next trip. While they waited their turns the girls took delightful dips, or watched the aesthetic dancing that was going on far back among the trees near Ce-ki-ca-ti's and Ho-sa's shelter. After these strenuous



amusements it was a luxury indeed to surrender to the softness of Alaska's bed, while the faithful little assistant kept a merry fire burning close by, and Alaska and He-ta-ya kept the conversation going no less merrily over their patients.

Before breakfast in the morning a number of the girls were off to gather branches with which to make portable Indian beds, and the few Wohelo knives that had come to Crooked River were in great demand. Meanwhile others went to a neighboring farm-house to buy milk, and breakfast was soon on the way, with one or two fancy styles in cooking the eggs, such as poaching in milk and baking in hot sand. Cocoa and toast gave the generous-hearted an opportunity to wait upon those who were busy over fires or hand work.

HIITENI'S ARRIVAL

Hiiteni had been detained from sharing this trip by a necessary journey to Portland, but in the middle of the morning she arrived, and was greeted with cheers of delight. She brought with her a crate of fresh peaches, which also received a cheer when they made their appearance at dinner. In addition to



The camp mascot

this she made everyone's happiness complete by saying "yes" to their eager plea for another day at Crooked River. As she had brought the mail with her, there was nothing in the world for which to return, and the girls felt as if they could remain here for the rest of the summer.

Their energies now were redoubled. With the aid of Ti-ya-ta's hatchet they cut down hemlock boughs and built more shelters (care being taken not to injure the trees), eagerly calling Ce-ki-ca-ti to approve them so that



they could receive their honors for the work. They made more pine baskets, finding beautiful long needles for the purpose, and enjoyed the eager search for balsam to carry home for pillows.

At noon the boys made a visit to the camp, bringing with them fish for dinner. Each girl was given a fish to clean and cook for herself, with the promise of a local honor for doing so. The peaches which Hiiteni had brought completed a sumptuous feast.

Through the afternoon the girls paddled around on the river, wrote letters, worked at pine baskets, while Alaska read more from "Three Men in a Boat," and were happy, either quietly or actively, according to their inclination. They retired early, with a beautiful, lazy moon shining down upon them, and slept as sweetly in their beds of hemlock or of blankets on the grassy earth, as if they had been in their own far-away homes.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Before they could realize it someone was singing, "Wake ye, arise!" and it was five o'clock and time to be off to meet the launch! As the next week's Count said:



Breakfast

“Very early rose the maidens,
And they spent no time in fooling,
But they hastened on through breakfast,
Looked at food and thought they ate it,
Packed their blankets and their baskets,
Took canoes and then sped downward
Just as if pursued by white men.”

There is a tradition about the return from Crooked River which would probably suggest itself anew every summer even if it had never been heard of before. Instinctively the girls



began to decorate their canoes with the branches of balsam they had gathered, and as they passed down the river, now one canoe, now another, drew up along the banks to gather more boughs and blossoms, willows, goldenrod, berries, and ferns, to transform their craft into fairy barques, with drooping vines of clematis to twine in the hair of the fairy princesses who rode in them. One canoe bore at its prow a purple thistle fastened to a pine branch. The boys, who had joined the procession on its way, had a small pine tree planted in the middle of their craft. There was variety, and everywhere loveliness and enchantment in the line of ten canoes that followed the "Red Beak" down the Songo, and out into the open lake.

The girls were contentedly busy with their hand work, or idly talking and singing. Two in the war-canoe were comparing the gems of poetry they knew, in an effort to find the twenty-five lines needed for one of the required honors. They were a trifle chagrined to find how much they thought they knew but did not, but finally recalled several short poems that more than met the requirement. One of these was Tennyson's "Crossing the



Bar," which gained a new meaning out on the water, with the memory of lake sunsets about them:

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning on the bar
When I put out to sea.”

The lake was quiet and the canoes glided smoothly along, making as rapid time as possible in order to meet the steamer at the South Casco dock. For on that steamer were Madge, an “old girl,” and two “new girls” who had warm friends at camp waiting to give them a welcome. They arrived on time, and the “Red Beak” circled about, swinging the long line of flower-decked canoes gracefully after it, while the people on the steamer crowded to the decks to watch. As the ribbon of canoes rested by the dock the girls sang a cheer of welcome to the new arrivals, then they swung away to camp.

“You may go in for a dip when you have made up your beds,” Hiiteni announced. And the girls welcomed the word with delight, for their faces were burning from the long ride in the sun. So they found the best delight



that homecoming held for them, in plunging from their own dock and splashing in their own clear waters, which seemed more crystal-clear than ever in contrast to the brown water of Crooked River.

If you should meet a girl somewhere who showed you a wooden salad spoon which she had decorated with carvings, and she should tell you that the zigzag pattern on the handle was for Crooked River, could you guess what that spoon meant to her? If on the bowl of the spoon she had carved an overturned canoe, with four little heads under it peeping out from under a blanket, could you imagine the memories and dreams which lurked in the carving on that spoon?



He-wan-ka

X

THE BLAZED TRAIL

EVERY week in camp is lived over twice, once as the days go by, and again at the Council Fire the following Monday, when the Count brings it all back with a fresh personal interest. The Crooked River trip was so great an event that it has been celebrated in song, as well as in the classic lines of the Count, for most opportunely the second song contest followed before the rare experiences of the trip were forgotten.

This contest was open to individuals instead of tents, and the tunes were not necessarily to be original, provided they were not commonly known. Before the contest a notice had appeared on the bulletin suggesting as subjects:

The Barcarole of the "Red Beak"
Three Girls in a Boat
That Tin Can Reflecting Oven
Earning Money's All the Rage



Ode to the Mail Bag Threnody to the Teepee

These subjects were not noticeably adopted, perhaps because no one but the originator of them could have lived up to their humor, but the results of the contest were quite entertaining enough.

THE SECOND SONG CONTEST

The ceremonial was over, and all had been put in a gay humor by a vivid rendering of the story of the Faithful Servant, in which the princess and the servant had cantered jubilantly about on imaginary horses, in a way that prevented anyone's taking the scene with entire seriousness, even though the beauty of its lesson was not lost. Twin sisters from Holland, who had come to visit the camp, gave a folk dance in wooden shoes, with native costumes improvised for the occasion, and made a warm place for themselves in the heart of the camp. Hiiteni then opened the song contest by calling upon the girls in turn around the circle.

There was a sound of smothered laughter when she started with Ho-sa, but Ho-sa rose



bravely, and three other maidens with her. They were, Ho-sa announced, the poorest singers in camp, but they had decided to contribute their mite to the occasion, and they would award a prize the next morning to anyone who guessed the tune of their song.

Amid roars of laughter, they sang bravely through their three stanzas, without once making the mistake of striking the same key at the same time. The words, with their mixture of slang and cleverness, were reminiscent of nothing in particular. Next morning one maiden guessed the tune correctly—"Sing Tangent, Co-tangent," but another had been equally sure that it was "Home, Sweet Home." The four, who afterward came to be known as the "Crow Quartette," were heartily encored, and given the fame they deserved for this noble sacrifice of themselves to the public amusement.

Each girl who had written a song had invited a select little group to sing it for her, and Te-ca-ya, who had the best soprano voice in camp, and a remarkable talent for keeping the tune, had been quite distracted by the demand for her services. She was called upon now to bring her guitar and assist in render-



ing Embers' newest song, written to the tune of "Chapel Steps," which was given the prize for that evening, and has since become part of the regular repertoire of camp.

CROOKED RIVER

"Here in the dusk at twilight time,
When sunset glows are o'er,
We gather 'round the laughing fire
To sing our songs once more.
The drooping branches of the pines
In silence hover near,
While shadows of old camping days
Come creeping back to hear.

"From every haunted rocky nook,
From every listening tree,
A phantom voice comes stealing forth
To join our melody.
And visions of old fire-lit nights
Come creeping back again,
While touched with fire, a silent watch
Sits lonely in the rain.
Then as the flickering firelight dies
To dim the drowsy glow,
We listen to the shadowy voice
Of silent Wohelo.



With dreamy eyes we turn away
And leave the dying light
To join the phantom memories
That linger in the night."

Alaska and He-ta-ya were also reminiscent of Crooked River with their surprising song of the "Crooked Cuckoos Curiorium," the chorus of which has ever since been rendered with an abrupt, decisive ending,

"Mas-sage for-evah!"

in memory of Alaska's accent, about which she so good-naturedly submitted to endless teasing.

SUPPERS, TENNIS TOURNAMENTS AND OTHER THINGS

On Tuesday evening, when the suppers were cooked at the tents, "Niebelungen" entertained guests in royal fashion, with a menu in French, and floral decorations by "an expert from New York." Eggs were served in several styles, and fudge. Wo-do-ke-ca came sumptuously attired as the "Comtesse de la Brie de Sauce Mayonnaise," with an insignificant "Compte" on her arm, and Embers and Mna-ka, as "George de Thames" and "Sir



Primitive weaving

Harris Montmorency," flirted shockingly with pretty Ma-na, who was waiting upon the feast.

It was at this time also that the famous tennis tournament between the "Darting Dragons" and the "Crawling Crabs" took place. If tennis has not been mentioned before it has been chiefly for lack of space, for nearly every morning after service, when Hiiteni said that there were no more notices, Ho-sa had bobbed up mildly to remark, "I'd like to say that So-and-so will play So-and-so in tennis this



morning," and later would come to tear them cruelly away from the bungalow where Mnak-a had them busily weaving rugs.

A mock war had grown up over the naming of the new crew of the war-canoe. The "Darting Dragons" and the "Crawling Crabs" were about evenly divided; songs and badges were adopted, and each side vigorously defended its own selection.

So it was agreed to have a tennis tournament between the two divisions, and, as Timanous had arrived in camp again, the affair started off gaily, with Timanous and Ce-ki-ca-ti against To-mo-ke and Ki-lo-des-ka, and went on for perhaps a week in the intervals of other things.

But there was little sign of a division in camp when they all met Thursday evening in the bungalow for a Japanese tea. The supper committee for that evening had decorated the bungalow charmingly with ferns, flowers, trailing evergreens, and Japanese lanterns. They had inveigled To-mo-ke and his sister Dis-ya-da, both of whom had grown up in Japan, into giving a demonstration of a real Japanese tea ceremony. After that the refreshments were served on plates decorated



with ferns, passed by the supper committee clad in Japanese kimonos. Besides the usual sandwiches, milk and cake, there was rice to be eaten with chopsticks, and the efforts to master this art contributed not a little to the fun of the evening. A gay time followed in the bungalow, with games and a general frolic, ending with music from Helpful's violin.

On Friday came the traditional trip to Jordan Bay, and the girls set merrily out with ponchos over their shoulders, singing the good old Jordan Bay Song which still fits as well as when it was written. The first stanza goes:

“On a sunny day, sunny day,
Yes, a very warm day,
We stowed our stuff all away,
Set out at a clip,
With our grub for the trip,
And our ponchos
Slipping along, slipping along,
All tied up wrong,
But we hiked with a song
For Jordan Bay.”

The girls were divided into two parties, the older ones to follow the trail blazed by Ho-sa and Ge-me-wun-ac, the younger to follow Ki-



lo-des-ka and Alaska. There was an old lumber road that they might have followed, but the blazed trail was much more romantic, and it brought them out of the woods by the side of the lake about a quarter of a mile from where they meant to be, which, taking all things into consideration, was not at all bad. They all sat down by the lake and looked at each other with faces flushed, but happy. It is easy enough to follow the beaten road, but there is a special zest in traveling for those who are brave enough to blaze their own paths. They came marching back into camp the next day in a long line that wound over the paths by the tennis court, down to the bungalow, and back again, singing gaily as they went an Indian refrain,

“Muj-je-mu-ke-sin-aw-yaw-yon,” which means, appropriately enough, “Worn out shoes I am a’wearing,” and is first-class to march by.

“THE HEAVENLIES” BALL

There was a long rest Saturday afternoon, for it was the night of “The Heavenlies” ball, and Loh-ah and To-ka, who had the festivities in charge, had saved everyone the em-



barrassment of choosing partners by pairing off the whole camp for this occasion. They had also firmly proclaimed at dinner that good clothes positively were not allowed.

This was a challenge to the ingenuity that could not be lightly ignored. The loft was tormented with visitors searching the properties' box and trunks for clothes that could not be classed as "good." What they found was merely raw material for the skill of the costume artists who suddenly developed among them, and most of the work of genius was performed in the hours "between the dark and the daylight." The Japanese lanterns over the tennis court were glowing in the gathering darkness when the couples began to arrive.

Ta-ku, all black and shiny, and wrapped in a brilliant shawl, sailed stoutly in on the arm of a dusky gallant, who proved to be one of the sportive twins. Woh-do-ke-ca came in flowing robes, with a magnificent turban, her exuberant fancy making her for the time a real Haroun-al-Raschid and transforming the maiden in flowing veil who walked beside her into a very lovely Sheherezade. No one was surprised, for it was well known that artistic Woh-do-ke-ca kept a variety of rich-



hued scarfs and draperies at hand for occasions like this, but Ta-ku really did attract some attention by appearing as a cover design from *Vogue* in a waist made of middy ties, and a skirt of a yard or two of cheap but brilliant material she had bought in the village that afternoon.

A tam-o'-shanter and a plaid hair ribbon turned Wa-ya-ka into a witching Scotch laddie, while He-wan-ka and Alaska, with powdered hair, both looked as if they had just stepped from some colonial portrait. Last came Helpful the Great, much greater than usual by reason of a number of pillows stuffed into the immense cotton wrapper which he wore belted with a rope. He had a large, flowery hat, and introduced himself as "Lucy," in a weak, falsetto voice that might have upset the dignity of the judges of the Supreme Court. When he danced he bounced like a great ship on a stormy sea, whirling his helpless partner around in a jubilant career, regardless of any unlucky mortal who failed to elude them.

There was a grand march, and then dancing, to the music of the victrola, which had been brought from the bungalow. Everyone

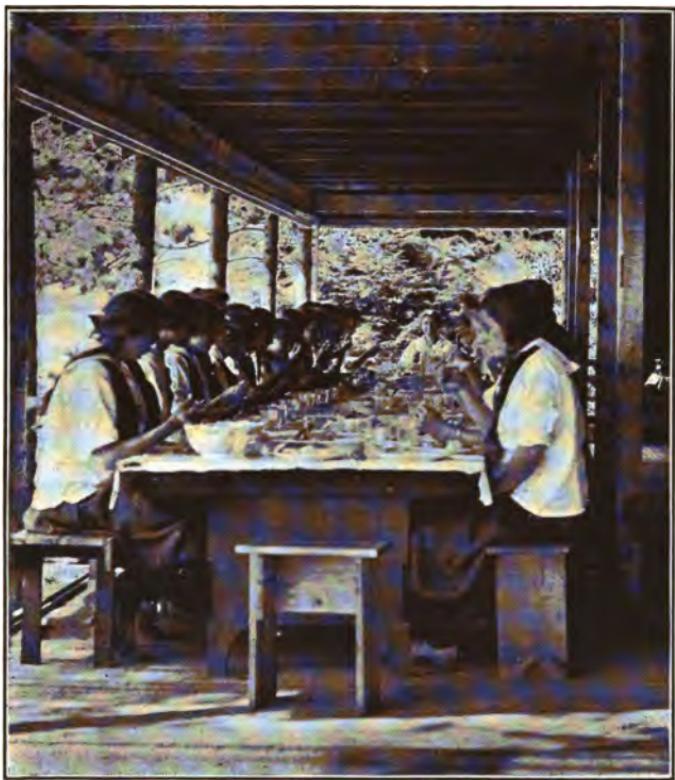


danced, whether skilful or not, except the chaperons, who had powdered their hair, and sat demurely by the fire. All talked and flirted and were happy.

After a while the master of ceremonies announced that there would be a prize for the best dancing, and began calling off the poorest couples, until at last there was no one left on the floor but "Lucy" and her slender, faithful partner, dancing alone in all their glory. This couple was awarded a loving cup, which was doubtless afterward returned to the kitchen shelf. Refreshments of grape-juice and cake were served in generous quantities, and at ten o'clock the ball of the season came to a happy close.



To-ho-ha



"Birds and breezes make music at meal-time"

XI

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT

A MYSTERY was in the air. Helpful the Great had held a private conversation with every tent with regard to its own share in the events of the day, but just what each tent



was going to do, or when it was going to happen no one felt sure, and when the time really came all were quite taken by surprise.

On Thursday, at swimming hour, Wa-hanka somehow lost control of herself in the water, though she was an excellent swimmer. The girls were making so much noise that they did not hear her cries until someone sitting on the bank noticed and called out to them. Kilo-des-ka brought the unconscious girl to the dock, and, by artificial respiration and rubbing, restored her to consciousness. The girls stood around rather helplessly, vowing never again to be so noisy in their sport that they could not hear if anyone was in danger.

Dinner-time came, and everyone was absorbed in removing the first keen edge from the usual camp appetite, when a cry of "Oh, she's fainted!" drew attention to poor I-ka-ya-dan, who was leaning heavily on the shoulder of her nearest neighbor. Embers rushed around the table with surprising promptness, and in a twinkling they had I-ka-ya-dan on her back on the bench, with her feet higher than her head and her clothing loosened. A glass of water dashed in her face brought her rather abruptly to consciousness, vowing ven-



geance on Embers for being too much in earnest. The girls at this table now tried to pretend that they had known all the time it was not a real faint, and made fun of He-wan-ka for giving the alarm.

Embers was still more unfortunate, for she choked severely on a fishbone—there was no fish for dinner, but that is a small detail—and Ti-ya-ta, with the assistance of several stalwart maidens, took great delight in standing her on her head. No sooner had she recovered from this than she swallowed some poison which made her deathly ill. Warm water and mustard were fortunately at hand, as well as a raw egg. Embers pretended to swallow both, and leaned over the railing expressively. Then I-ka-ya-da splashed the mustard water down her back in revenge for the fainting incident, and both appeared to have recovered fully.

FIRE AND DISASTER

It was a bit difficult to rest after this excitement, but the girls went quietly to their tents at the usual hour. A little group of the older girls had gathered by special permission on the craft-house porch for "Otherwise Phyl-



SEBAGO-WOHELO
CAMP FIRE GIRLS

lis," which one of the councilors was reading aloud, and just as the bugle sounded for the end of rest-hour, she dropped her book with a start at a cry of "Fire, fire!" All rushed to the bungalow to find flames and smoke pouring out of the fireplace. "Get your pails!" came the order from Helpful, and very soon all the girls were forming a line from the dock up to the bungalow. Pail after pail of water was passed up, till the fire was declared under control. Some sheets of tar paper lay half consumed on the hearth, with little wreaths of smoke still curling about them.

He-ta-ya, eager as usual to be in the midst of things, had somehow got her hand into the fire, and was moaning with pain when the fire brigade came into the bungalow. Ta-o rushed to her rescue, made her hold her hand in a pail of water to exclude the air until she could attend to her, and finding the burn a bad one, covered it with oil and wrapped it in a soft bandage. He-ta-ya bore the pain bravely and was soon sitting up on a bench, a trifle pale but otherwise quite herself.

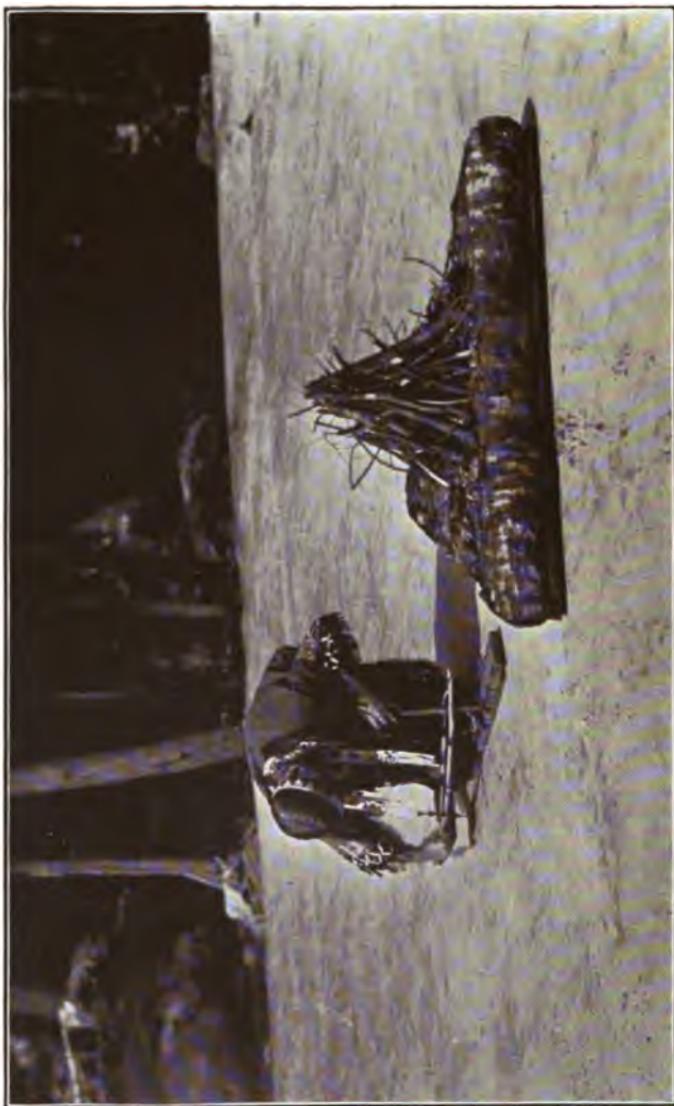
Surely no chain of accidents was ever more swift or terrible than this. One after another, things happened so rapidly that there was not



a moment's rest! Mna-ka rushed in with a long cut on her arm and red drops splashed sickeningly about it. Helpful, who in a year was to receive his medical degree, and spoke with the latest authority, said the wound had bled enough to cleanse it better than antiseptics could do, and Mna-ka sat on the floor, while Woh-do-ke-ca and Embers, under Helpful's guidance, laid a neat strip of surgeon's plaster on each side of the cut and sewed the two strips together. Helpful explained that this was a less painful method than sewing the cut itself, and that he would have used it when I-wa-da-ka cut her knee on the saw if there had not been several cuts side by side, so that there was no place for the plaster.

"Oh, oh!" wailed Wan-ye-ca's voice suddenly on the tense air. "I've got a sliver in my hand!" Kee-wee, her councilor, pulled it promptly out and held it up to view. No wonder she had cried—the sliver was at least ten inches long! This was followed by Ni-ma-ha finding a bean up her nose, and they gave her pepper to make her sneeze it out. With young children like "The Chipmunks" such accidents as these are to be expected at any moment!

The triangular form for Work, Health and Love





Several of the girls were sitting on benches beside the ladder into the loft, and Ge-me-wun-ac was climbing down to give her assistance to Ni-ma-ha, when, by mistake, she stepped from the second round to the floor and sat there all in a heap, nursing a sprained ankle. She did not scream, for she was not the kind to scream—nor, for that matter, to fall down ladders, but this was a day of surprises. The girls wasted no time wondering, but held the ankle first in cold water, then in hot, to keep the circulation active and so prevent swelling, and then bound it up firmly with adhesive plaster, to hold the ligaments in place until they could heal. They promised to take the bandage off every day and rub the ankle to keep it from becoming stiff.

SERIOUS INJURIES

Loh-ah, being a tentmate of Ge-me-wun-ac's, had fallen in an attempt to get near enough to help her. Ga-oh and Ho-sa picked her up and examined her injuries, which were many and varied. Her hand was badly cut, her head hurt, and her shoulder broken.

They found a triangular bandage, and used it first as a tourniquet to stop the blood



from flowing into the hand, as they knew from the rich red blood which was spurting from it, that an artery had been cut. A pencil, slipped through the knot of the bandage, and twisted round and round, answered the purpose, and checked the dangerous loss of blood at once.

Then they bandaged the hand neatly, and removed the triangular bandage, which was needed for the head. They laid it with the base over her forehead, wrapped it around her head, brought the two corners around to the forehead and tied them in a square knot, then tucked the corners in at the back.

The same bandage was used to make a sling for the broken shoulder, but when it was discovered that her knee had been hurt also, Helpful said a different treatment was needed. He brought out a roll of straight bandage, properly sterilized, and the girls bandaged the knee in figure-eight style, winding it first above the joint, then below, with a twist each time to make it smooth, and finally passing it over the joint itself, thus leaving the knee free to move. Poor Loh-ah was soon able to walk a little, though it was some time before the signs of her other injuries disappeared.



A little drama of very tender nature was now enacted before the fireplace. A young man was walking arm in arm with his sweetheart, when a cruel bee stung the maiden, leaving its barbed stinger in her arm, and she cried out with pain. Instantly he pulled the stinger out, then placed mud over the wound to counteract the acid by its alkali, and apparently the maiden recovered and lived happy ever after. Helpful remarked that if it had been either a wasp or a hornet, which have pointed stingers, the stinger would not have been left in, but that with a honey bee sting the first thing to do is to take the stinger out and then apply the alkali treatment.

CALMNESS IN EMERGENCY

It was growing warm in the bungalow, with so many crowding around the scene of action, but no one would have supposed it would cause a sunstroke. Kani-da-ka fell down, however, very white and exhausted, and they braced her against a bench in a sitting posture while they bathed her face and neck with cold water. When she recovered they told her that she would have to be careful in the future about exposing herself to the



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direct rays of the sun, especially in hot weather.

The heat had affected Ma-na in a different way. She grew faint, and two of the bystanders tried to carry her out. First they made a hand-chair, but as she became entirely unconscious, and lost her hold on their shoulders, they were obliged to try some other method. One took her shoulders, one her feet, one supported her back, and they started, but just then Helpful met them with a stretcher, hastily improvised from two oars and a blanket, and this proved the most comfortable way to carry the helpless burden.

Outside of the bungalow Ma-na was dropped abruptly, for Te-pa had broken her leg, and everyone was needed to help her. The best they could do was to bandage her leg with a stick to keep it stiff until they could reach a doctor, and, as Ma-na was quite herself again, they rolled her out of the stretcher and put Te-pa in her place.

Ta-o, who was trying to help carry the stretcher, fell and broke her arm, and they put that in a sling and helped her to go to the doctor along with Te-pa, who professed herself glad of company. Helpful explained



that no one but a physician should attempt to set a broken bone, but that if there is no physician near it should be kept in an ice pack to prevent swelling, which is very dangerous.

A snake bite followed close after this—though there was no snake to be seen—and the tourniquet came into use again to keep the blood away from the poisoned spot. The poison was then sucked and squeezed out, which Helpful said was the only real cure for a poisonous snake bite. The whisky cure he declared a myth.

TROUBLE AND YET MORE TROUBLE

Scarcely was this crisis past when I-ma-ga-ga rushed in, quivering pathetically with terror, crying out that a dog had bitten her! They never found the dog! Two of the girls washed out the wound and applied the tourniquet again, and there was some discussion of sending her to a Pasteur Institute for treatment until they decided that the dog had shown no signs whatever of rabies.

A black eye was the next accident, but it disappeared speedily under the treatment of alternate hot and cold water. A rusty nail

Folk dancing on the tennis court





in Te-pa's foot called for prompt treatment, and they washed out the rust, then bandaged it carefully. The ointment Helpful recommended for such cases, as being soothing and also mildly antiseptic, was to be made of one spoonful of boracic acid to two of vaseline.

Ek-o-le-la came in suffering with a fearful toothache, which they treated with an ice bag and some of the contents of a milk can that was labeled "Oil of Cloves," in large letters. Helpful said that a hot water bag for toothache is a mistake, as it only increases the fever, while ice reduces it. Then, as if the toothache had not been bad enough, Da-su, one of the Twins, and another girl fell into a disgraceful altercation, and each knocked out one of the other's teeth. They hastily picked them up and put them back to keep the spaces open, hoping that the dentist could bridge them into place!

Screams from without again! At the foot of the hill lay Ta-ku, rolled in a blanket which To-he-ha had thrown around her to put out the flames that had threatened her very life. With great thoughtfulness To-he-ha had wrapped the blanket from the top down and had so avoided driving the flames up into

Ta-ku's face. It developed presently that Ta-ku had caught fire in trying to help another girl who was dyeing over the fire, and had scalded herself with boiling water from the big kettle. But Ta-ku's injuries proved



Wa-han-ka, dripping and limp

the worse of the two and they were obliged to cut away the clothing carefully before applying oil.

"The Blue Birds," who had been bobbing about all this time in white-towel aprons with red-cross bandages on their arms, kept their heads splendidly when He-wan-ka, their coun-



cilor, became a tortured victim of ivy poison. They ran for a basin of soap and water, but it was Ivory soap they brought, and even in her pain He-wan-ka pushed it away, screaming, "No, no!" Then they brought plain yel-



"The rescuer pressed forward, slowly counting three"

low soap, and washed her arm thoroughly, which soothed it. Helpful remarked that alkali is needed to dissolve the oil in the poison, and that the Ivory does not contain as much alkali as plain yellow soap.

The climax of the afternoon came now, with a touch of reality that had not been



arranged on the program. A scream from the lake called everyone out to the rock before the bungalow. Far out on the water appeared an overturned canoe, with a girl struggling desperately near it. Without hesitation Ki-lo-des-ka plunged from the steep rock and swam to the rescue. She reached the now unconscious girl and started to swim to shore, holding her by the clothes at the back of her neck, when a rowboat suddenly appeared on the scene, hastening to the rescue in dead earnest from a neighboring boys' camp. The shouts of laughter from the shore soon opened the eyes of the brave councilor in the boat, and he rowed back as fast as he could. Hiiteni thanked him for his effort afterward, and promised to send her neighbors word before another "accident day" took place.

Meanwhile Wa-han-ka, for Wa-han-ka it again proved to be, was brought to land dripping and limp, and carried up to the bungalow on the little freight truck and placed on a blanket on the floor. They laid her face downward, turned her head to the left side, and set up artificial respiration by pressure.

One of the girls sat across her hips and placed both hands on the small of the unfortu-



nate girl's back with thumbs nearly touching and the fingers spread out over her lowest ribs. The rescuer pressed forward, slowly counting three, then quickly swung herself backward, releasing the pressure, but keeping her hands on the body in the original position with the arms straight. In three more counts she repeated this movement. Some one hastily brought hot water bags for artificial heat, while others rubbed Wa-han-ka's limbs vigorously till at last she breathed, and they knew that her life was saved!

She sprang up, looking amazingly cheerful and happy, and went off to find some dry clothes. The other sufferers also recovered, and all adjourned to Hiiteni's fireplace, where supper was waiting to build up their weakened vitality. The talk about the fire was enlivened by discussions of how well Wa-han-ka had acted her part, how difficult it had been to tow her to land, how funny Ca-du-za had been with her black eye, and why this or that treatment was given for each accident.

After this day each Wohelo maiden felt competent to handle any case of accident or sudden injury that might come in her path.

After supper Alaska read by the firelight



from a paper that had come in the morning mail about the progress of a great war that was beginning in far-off Europe. In this little world of peace and happiness it was difficult to realize that anything so fearful and barbarous could be happening, but the fact that the parents of some of the girls were travelling in Europe, and that many had friends there, helped to bring the reality home to them. The "Dutchies," as the twins from Holland had come to be affectionately called, were a living bond of connection with the troubled Old World countries.

There is a Camp Fire Girls organization in Holland, and the girls of Sebago-Wohelo Camp were interested to learn that the Camp Fire Girls in that little country were turning their club rooms into hospitals, and helping in every way they could to heal the sufferings of war. It seemed suddenly a very wonderful thing to be able to help, even a little, on the side of healing and peace, and the girls were glad for the lessons that helped to fit them for emergencies, even though they hoped that they would never have the same need for these lessons as had their sisters across the sea.

"The Dutchies," who were always willing



to contribute to the happiness of camp, sang several songs in their soft, sweet voices, accompanying them on the guitar and mandolin, closing with a restful lullaby which the girls had learned to love, even though the words were in a foreign tongue. They seemed to have a new meaning tonight, a promise of the peace which must surely come to the unhappy peoples across the seas. The peace of camp grew deeper and deeper for very contrast to the excitement of the day, and the stormy tales of war, till the fire flickered low in the hush of it, and everyone went quietly to bed.



Dawn



The cross-bill

XII

DOUGLAS HILL

THE day had come for the last trip of the summer, which was to be straight across the lake to the sunset mountains outlined so invitingly against the sky.



Very early in the morning one of the councilors, who had risen before the bugle to make some preparation for the trip, happened to pass Hiiteni's tent and found her, as she often was at this hour, awake and busy, looking over her mail and making plans for the day. The councilor slipped in for a moment's chat.

"Oh!" whispered Hiiteni suddenly, pointing to a pine whose branches were silhouetted against the sky beyond her tent, "there are the cross-bills! There have never been any in camp before, so far as I know, but this dear little pair has been building a nest, and I have caught glimpses of them several times. Oh, I believe I could take a picture of them now, right from the tent!"

They rested the camera on Hiiteni's bed, moving quickly but quietly, and though one of the bird visitors flew away, the other posed for several pictures, pirouetting daintily in unconscious grace on the pine branch. Hiiteni's eyes were full of the hushed happiness that such a little thing could kindle in her nature-loving heart, and the light in them did not quite die out during all of the happy day which followed. She loved all of the wild things of the woods—loved them in their free-



dom, and rejoiced in it, yet she had "captured" the crossbill in a way that was to be a lasting source of joy to her and to others.

A SONG TO MARCH BY

There were others awake early, too, for soon after the bugle sounded, from the piano was heard a strange but catchy little tune. It was Helpful, Embers, and Te-ca-ya, composing a new song to a negro melody they had known in college days, and they sung it after the morning service, with the aid of Helpful's violin. In a very short time the girls had learned it, and were singing with laughter in their voices:

"Oh Hiiteni built a shack
On Lake Sebago!
And every summer she comes back—
A long time ago!"

Chorus

"A long time ago! A long time ago!
And every summer she comes back—
A long time ago!"

"The Heavenly Rock is big and high—
On Lake Sebago!



Ready for a hike



If you jump off you'll surely die!
A long time ago!"

and several other verses equally nonsensical, some of them rather personal in their references.

They were still humming it when they scattered to their tents to roll up their blankets, for Ce-ki-ca-ti, who had this trip in charge, had ordered the ponchos down on the dock before craft-hour, so that there might be no delay in starting immediately after dinner. To make sure that the order was carried out, she had suggested that the having their ponchos promptly on the dock should count in the tent inspection record for the week.

So there was no time lost after dinner in loading the canoes, which were towed away by the "Red Beak" after the same fashion as on the Crooked River trip, except that today the sun was blazing down upon them in a manner almost too friendly. The ever-present craft-work was much in evidence, and in several groups one of the girls was reading aloud, one from the poetry of Alfred Noyes, another from the Ladies' Home Journal. In one end of the war-canoe Alaska was enter-



taining an interested group with tales of the time when she attended the Henley Regatta, and May Week at Oxford.

On the other side of the lake a wagon waited for the ponchos, then started up the hill, leaving the girls to climb up by a different road. Ce-ki-ca-ti marshalled them in squads of eight, and they set out valiantly, singing as they went.

“Oh, Hitteni built a shack
On Lake Sebago!
And every summer she comes back—
A long time ago!”

The tune was good for marching, and helped in the long climb. They wound through the village and slowly up the hill road, passing comfortable looking farm houses and apple orchards where the fruit was beginning to look temptingly ripe. It was “hard on to five mile,” as the driver of the wagon had said, and when the wagon passed them about half way up, several, at Hiiteni’s persuasion, consented to a lift. But Ti-ya-ta and Ta-ku had even carried their ponchos all the way, and declared they were not tired a



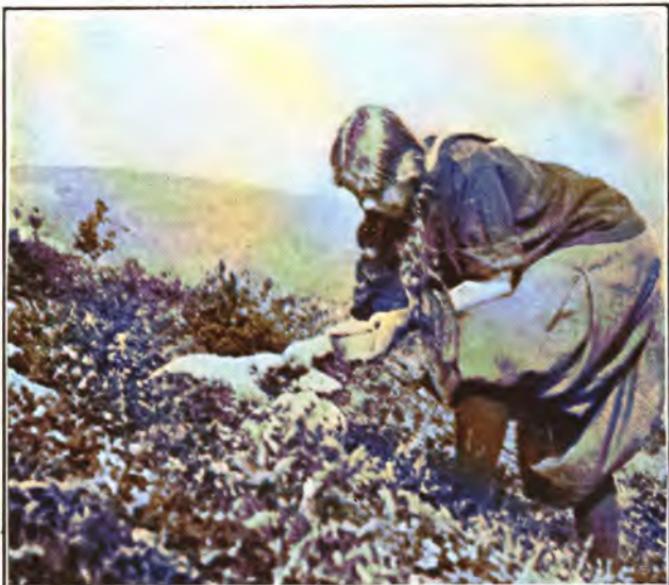
bit, and that this was really the proper way to "hike."

About half a mile below the top of the hill they found their ponchos waiting near a hospitable farmhouse, where they paused for a rest and a drink of water. Then they shouldered the ponchos and the baskets of food besides, and started for the last, stiff climb.

SUNSET ON THE MOUNTAIN

Every moment the scene became more beautiful! Mountain after mountain came into view, with little chains of lakes hidden in the hearts of them. It seemed impossible that so short a journey from the quiet camp by the lakeside could have transported them into real mountain country, which now, as the sunset began to color it with rich purple shadows and glowing lights, changed before their very eyes into "the glory and the freshness of a dream."

At the foot of the last climb, as if it were for the keeper of the mountain, nestled a pleasant home, and the girls stopped to fill their pails with water and exchange a few words with the daughter of the house, a college girl whom some had met in other sum-



"Pushed upward as fast as the blue-berries would allow"

mers. Then they pushed on to the top as fast as the blueberry bushes would allow. The berries were as large as strawberries, if the tales the girls brought back were to be believed. Small wonder that some of the hungry travellers laid down their burdens to feast upon this rich luxury, making this an excuse for a moment's rest, but others more valiant refused to stop, and climbed on up over the scraggy,



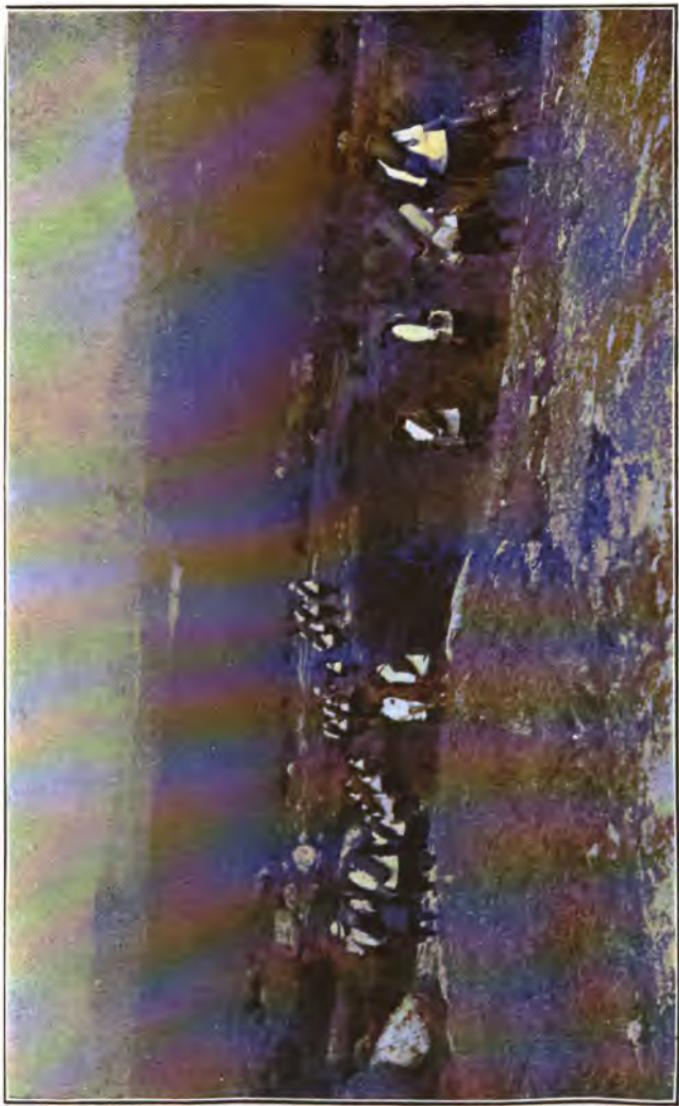
rocky hillside, only snatching a berry or two as they went—perhaps they were not so fond of blueberries!

At the top all dropped their ponchos and looked around them, the full beauty of the mountain sunset shining straight into their dazzled eyes. The peaks and ridges glowed with rose, gold, and unknown tints, and through a rift in the clouds a shower of long, glimmering rays fell aslant into a valley between the hills. Those who knew could pick out individual peaks, *Old Man, Kearsarge* and *Mount Washington*, clearly outlined, yet transfigured by the veil of beauty that swept over them.

STAKING CAMP

But after the first hush of wonder the hungry girls remembered the solid, rocky earth beneath their feet, and, while keeping one eye on the sunset, guided themselves with the other to the richest blueberry patches. The berries disappeared like so much dew, leaving always plenty more to be had for the gathering. Wa-zi demanded to have her bed made in a clump of bushes, so that she could wake and eat berries by moonlight, but others,

*"From Douglas Hill we maidens come
Laughing, singing, on the run,"*





moved by more aesthetic motives, chose spots from which they could watch the sunrise in the morning.

The top of Douglas Hill was marked by a rough monument of stones, and near it stood a fireplace of the same gray rock, walled about on three sides like a stove, with an opening in the fourth side. Here a fire was built, and cans of beans set in the opening to heat. Toasted bread, milk, and jam, with some maple fudge, which the cook had sent as a surprise, made a feast to satisfy the hungriest.

After supper a big fire was built in the open to signal to To-mo-ke, who had remained in camp, and they all sat down around it and were merry. "The Dutchies" sang their national anthem, and a tune or two besides, and then everyone joined in the new camp song about Hiiteni's shack, making new verses to sing when the original ones ran out. Stunts of the usual kind followed, and then came a charming Hawaiian story by Ya-ke-ya, who, though a new arrival at camp, had found her place at once upon the roll of entertainers.

Stumbling down among the rocks in the dark, or finding their way more comfortably by the help of their pocket flashes, the girls



were soon snuggled under their ponchos, which were already damp with the heavy dew. The moon came up, and the night was perfect, clear and still and bright. No one wanted to sleep, and Hiiteni's "Hush!" came several times before the whispering was stilled.

**"WAKE YE, ARISE!
LIFE IS CALLING THEE!"**

rang over the hillside. It was early in the morning, and the sleepy maidens woke to watch the sunrise, some from their beds, others from a jutting rock that commanded a sweeping view of the eastern sky. They looked for the familiar waters of the lake, but only the peaks of the mountains were to be seen, rising above a sea of mist that rolled in billowy whiteness all around. Slowly the sun rose through the mist, a clear, flaming ball, touching the mountain tops with gold, and lighting every misty wave crest.

As the novelty of the scene wore away the girls thought of the long hours between sunrise and breakfast, and some crept back for another nap. The rest went up and down the hillside gathering berries, talking softly, as they had promised Hiiteni, for fear of dis-



turbing the sleepers. They returned at breakfast time with purple lips, and quarts and quarts of berries to carry home.

Dis-ya-di had been busy making up a "Douglas Hill Song" to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and the girls sang it as they marched down the hill soon after breakfast with their ponchos in neat array over their shoulders:

"From Douglas Hill we maidens come,
Laughing, singing, on the run!
My, but we've been having fun,
Eating berries by the ton!"

But as they neared the house at the foot of the hill they stopped singing, and crept down softly, to surprise their friends with a morning cheer.

Then began the long jaunt down the hill, which was curiously easier than the upward climb, and made easier still by some apples that insisted upon falling from a tree hanging over the road. Before they realized they had reached the good, old lake again, and were taking their places in the canoes, surprised to find how much rougher the water had grown during the night. Twice a canoe broke loose



Working in clay

from the line. "It would not be the Douglas Hill trip," Ce-ki-ca-ti said, "if the canoes did not break loose,"—but they were safely tied again, and as good sailors should, they enjoyed the trip more for the dancing of the craft on the water, though one or two arrived at the dock a little pale.

That afternoon and parts of the next day were spent with "a fire in the canner," putting up the fifty quarts of berries which had been brought home from the trip. They were not



the first blueberries of the season, for twice Ki-lo-des-ka had marshalled "The Kingfishers" out before breakfast to gather berries for canning. But the Douglas Hill berries seemed to have a flavor all their own, mingled of mountain sunrise and the vigorous delight of the climb.

The evening was rainy, but no one cared. They sat in the teepee around a cheerful fire, toasting marshmallows, as cosily as could be, while Alaska read aloud; and they wondered how it could be that tramping up the hill in the sunshine is so wonderful, yet coming home again to one's own little teepee in the rain is so very sweet.



Ki-lo-des-ka

XIII

MARKETING DAY

THE Tuesday night suppers of the tents had been gradually expanding from the simple "bacon-bat" affairs of early summer to feasts of considerable style and variety. The girls of "Niebelungen" had made a bean-hole early one Tuesday morning, and produced for supper a generous supply of well-baked beans. The Count for the next week said:

"As we were not bidden thither
To that feast of Niebelungen's
We can only hint and surmise
That their beans were either burned or,
Mayhap, underdone a trifle."

But that is too obviously the utterance of a jealous mind to call for argument. The beans were perfectly cooked, and had a rare, delicious flavor.

Now a still greater spark of ambition had fired the breast of one of "The Loons," who



came to Hiiteni with a modest request for permission to buy and cook a chicken. She wanted to earn the home-craft honor, "pick, dress, and cook a fowl." Hiiteni saw in her suggestion a happy answer to another problem that had been troubling some of the girls who wanted to become Fire Makers, but had not had opportunity to meet the requirement: "To help prepare and serve, together with other candidates, at least two meals for meetings of the Camp Fire; this to include purchase of food, cooking, and serving the meal, and care of fire." "Perhaps," thought Hiiteni, "all of the girls would like to choose their own materials for one Tuesday night supper, and buy them from the village store or the farmers in the neighborhood."

A NEW AND DELIGHTFUL WAY TO EARN HONORS

The "perhaps" was still strong in Hiiteni's mind when she brought the subject before the girls after Service that morning. She did not wish to compel anyone to make this experiment, she said, but she thought that, besides solving the problem of the honor, it would be a valuable experience. She told how, when

her own daughters were young, she had dismissed the servant, and given the kitchen into the keeping of the girls, letting them buy and cook the meals in turn, and so learn by first-hand the knowledge of cost and preparation of food. And she added that cooking out-of-doors is the natural, biological way for a girl to learn to love home-making, just as playing at Indian battles is the boy's way of learning strength and manly qualities.

Hiiteni intended to put the question to a vote, but she had scarcely finished speaking when the girls began to discuss their menus as if it were already decided.

"How shall we get small enough quantities of flour?" a practical maid demanded.

"You might club together in buying things like that," was Hiiteni's suggestion.

"Oh," cried Ta-ku, bobbing up and down with excitement, "'The Loons' will buy flour, and sell it to anyone who wants it!"

"The Kingfishers' will sell salt!" put in Ti-ya-ta.

"Get your baking powder from 'Niebelungen.'"

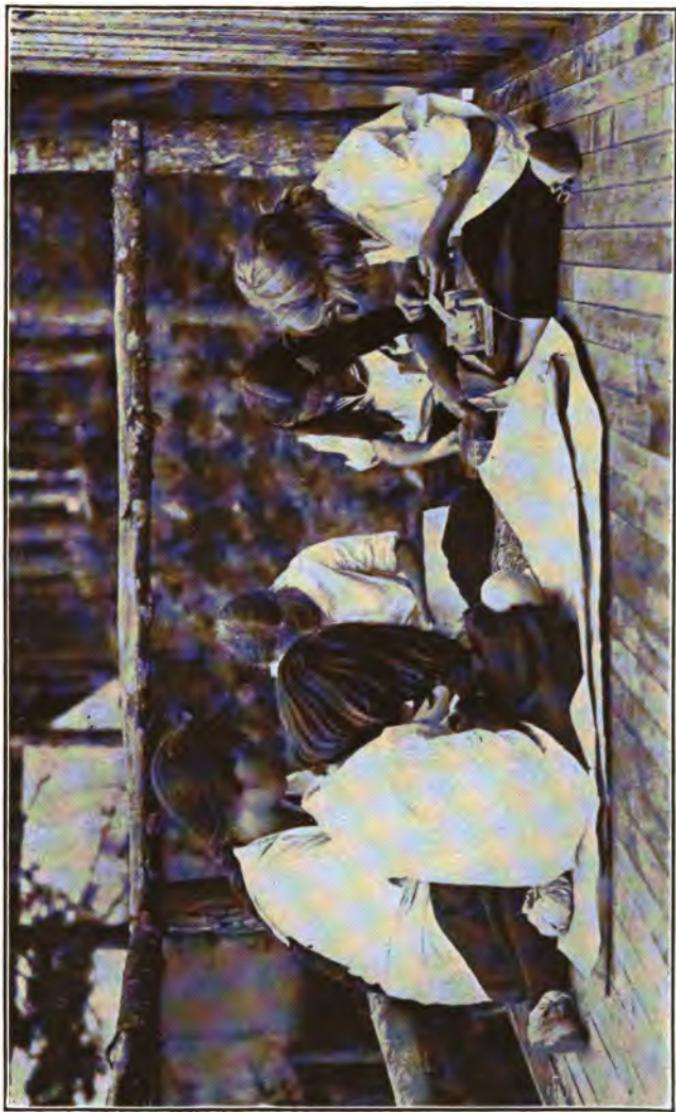
"And when can we go to the village to buy things?"



It was finally arranged that each tent should send two delegates to the village during rest hour, and the Service broke up in a buzz of planning.

Little else was talked of that day. The telephone came into use for ordering the articles that could not wait until afternoon, principally two chickens, one for "The Loons" and one for "The Heavenly Twins," who were not to be outdone by anyone. "Heavenly Rest" announced that ice-cream would be for sale to all who wished to buy.

The storekeeper of South Casco must have been taken by surprise when the horde of eager housewives descended upon him in the afternoon. There was Ta-ku, bustling about buying corn for everyone who wanted it, and, finding that she had counted a dozen ears too few, had to order more. There were the "Dutch sisters" buying rice, and currants and brown sugar for a native dish they were planning to serve at "Top o' the Rocks." Pi-ki-da and I-wa-da-ka had their heads together as usual, and were buying provisions for breakfast, for "The Spiders" had permission for a little camping trip of their own to a nearby island.



“Blue-Birds” working at their beads



They all met at the "Red Beak," those who had been in the store and those who had been visiting the houses along the road, arms full of many-shaped packages, and eyes bright with excitement. On the way home they busied themselves counting up how much they had paid for their provisions, and making more plans for the evening's feast.

THE WONDERFUL CHICKEN

Of the hum of activity that filled the camp that afternoon, "The Heavenlies" seemed to be the very center. The air about the three tents fairly quivered with activity that hinted of delicious viands preparing. Early in the day the girls of "The Heavenly Twins" had dug a hole near the tent, walled it around with stones, built a fire in it, and laid in the ashes a neatly stuffed chicken wrapped in oiled paper, which was then covered over with earth and stones and left to cook. They spoke of "when we take the chicken out," very much as they might have spoken of "When the night-blooming cereus blossoms," with the tones of those who are waiting breathless for a brief but weighty crisis. They made a little fire, with two forked sticks to hold a spit on which



they could brown the chicken to a turn when they had taken it out. Then they left Ce-ki-ca-ti and To-ka to watch by the hole while the rest went about the other cooking on the fireplace beyond the tent.

In the intervals between entertaining the interested visitors who came now and then to inquire about the chicken, Ce-ki-ca-ta and To-ka busied themselves making some rich chocolate sauce. Helpful the Great, who had been invited to supper, came near with a hungry and almost wistful expression, wondering, no doubt, whether the chicken would yield up a meal for a man's appetite. A visiting guardian, who was also to be a guest at the feast, hovered about in a hungry search for new ideas. She drifted over to "Heavenly Rest" to watch with admiration the dexterous maidens there, who were baking biscuit over their fire by rolling the dough around a long stick, which was then poised on two forked sticks and turned until the biscuit were baked. As the girls were cooking soup and agonizing over the ice-cream that would not freeze at the same time, the visitor was allowed, as a special privilege, to amuse herself with a few turns at the biscuit.



"Thank you so much for letting me see just how it is done," she said, and hurried back to "The Twins'" fireplace at a rumor that the chicken was about to be taken out. Hiiteni was hastily summoned, and in the presence of a little group of favored witnesses the hole was opened. The chicken lay there, slightly blackened by the ashes, for the paper was quite burned off, but with a cooked appearance gratifying to behold. They poked it. It was tender. It was even slightly browned, but they finished it to the last touch of perfection, as they had planned, on the spit over the fire.

Meanwhile the other viands, in their own humble way, were turning out as well as the chicken. Te-pa had taken charge of the sweet potatoes, which had been allowed to cool, and were then peeled and fried with a sprinkling of sugar. "Because if you don't cool them first," she explained, with an air of long experience, "the grease will soak in and spoil them." Te-ca-ya had fried the tomatoes most deliciously in plenty of butter, and the apples had been left to bake in the natural reflecting oven under the rock behind the fire, and all were "done to perfection."

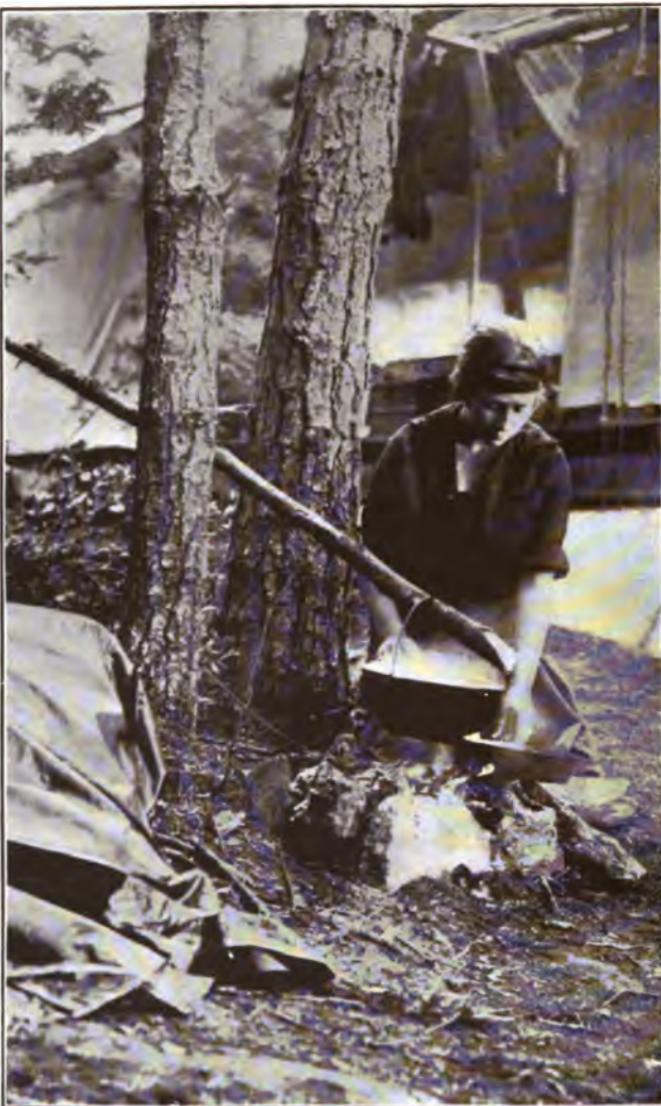


"The Heavenly Twins" sat down at last and waited for Helpful the Great to carve the fowl. "The tenderest I ever saw," quoth he. "The best I ever ate," was the visiting guardian's verdict. And, indeed, the chicken had a taste that differed from chicken cooked in the usual prosaic way, as corn roasted over an open fire differs from corn boiled on the kitchen stove. The eating of this feast was such a simple, unadulterated joy that no one felt the need of words to accompany it.

"PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL"

They had gnawed every bone of the chicken, and were waiting for the apple sauce, which had to finish cooking on top of the fire, when one of the girls from "Heavenly Rest" announced that at last the ice-cream was finished, and for sale. They hurried to the tent with cups and spoons, bought cream, and covered it thickly with the rich chocolate sauce. They tasted it greedily. Then they puckered up their faces. It tasted of salt instead of sugar! The chocolate sauce was the one blot upon that otherwise perfect meal!

To humiliate their pride a trifle further at this point "The Niebelungens" announced that



Sweet potatoes and apple sauce



they had chocolate sauce for sale at three cents a helping. A few of "The Heavenlies" humbled themselves and bought it, but others ate their cream with apple sauce, which by this time was ready to serve. Purchasers from other tents were now flocking up to "Heavenly Rest" and going away with five-cent helpings of the cream, either in their cups or in the neat little boxes the girls had bought for the purpose.

EVERY TENT A FEAST

The visiting guardian felt that she must have fallen upon the chief feasting place of camp, and that there could be nothing anywhere else to equal it. But she took a stroll about camp, to find that each tent was fully convinced that no supper had been half so good as its own. "Niebelungen" had stuffed tomatoes on toast, mashed potatoes, fried apples, and scones made by Alaska's own recipe, which was soon in demand. She gave it thus:

One-half pound flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt. Mix with milk or water till moderately stiff, fry in boiling fat, when brown underneath, turn.



"The Kingfishers" exhibited an empty tin that bore silent witness to the charms of an apple pie which they had baked in their own oven. They had rolled the crust on a paper on their table, with a glass jar for a rolling pin. Besides this they had baked apples over the fire, turning them on a stick and dropping a marshmallow in the little hollow made in the top of each when it was done. They gave dazzling promises of blueberry biscuits which were soon to be baked, but their visitor fled from the temptation of further eating.

"The Whippies" had tomato soup, welsh rarebit, and fudge. "The Loons" had fried their chicken and made dumplings to eat with it, besides having roast corn, and blueberry fritters for dessert. "Top o' the Rocks" had "cheese dreams," which are toasted cheese sandwiches, and rice cooked with currants and eaten with brown sugar. Nothing except the chocolate sauce seemed to have given a hint of failure, and all of the cooks looked proud and happy. Hands, faces, and middies were a bit blackened by the smoke of the fire, but that was a usual accompaniment of Tuesday night suppers, and gave one a reckless feeling that rather added to the zest of things.



While they enjoyed it all, the camp spirit was busy weaving the experiences of the day into their future, farther than they knew. "They will never forget this," said Hiiteni, "and the woman's work of choosing and preparing meals for the home will have ever a new romance for them because of it."

EXPENSE ACCOUNTS

Hiiteni asked each of the tents the next morning to give her an account of their expenses for the supper, and several of them are given here for the perusal of any who may be interested in camp cookery. Anyone who is not must be a sad dyspeptic or must never have known what real camp cooking is. Ask the Wohelo maidens if this is not true; or, rather, ask their guests, for the opinions of the girls themselves might be tinged with the rosy hues of the happiness they felt in cooking.

In the keeping of these accurate accounts the girls learned another valuable Camp Fire lesson—that the housewife must keep books, and "know just how she stands," if she is to be as efficient in her profession as is her sister who enters the business world.



"HEAVENLY REST"

<i>Cost of supper</i>	
Soup, 2 cans,	\$0.20
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	.16
Apples, 2 doz.,	.10
Corn, 8 ears,	.16
Eggs, 1,	.03
Flour,	.07
Salt,	.01
Baking powder,	.04
Total,	\$0.77

Cost of ice-cream

Milk, 6 qts.,	\$0.36
Ice,	.25
Salt,	.10
Sugar,	.26
Milk, 2 cans,	.20
Ice-cream boxes,	.10
Eggs, 6,	.18
Vanilla,	.05
Total,	\$1.50

Cost of supper,	\$0.77
Cost of ice-cream,	1.50

Supper & ice-cream, \$2.27

Proceeds (ice-cream) \$3.72

Total expense, 2.27

Net profit, \$1.45

"NIEBELUNGEN"

Cost of supper and materials for sale

Milk, 1 qt.,	\$0.06
Bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	.15
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	.18
Potatoes, 2 qts.,	.08
Tomatoes, 2 qts.,	.12
Lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	.08
Baking powder, 1 can,	.25
Flour, 1 lb.,	.05
Sugar, 1 lb.,	.08
Bread, 1 loaf,	.10
Apples,	.10
Eggs, 2,	.06
Salt,	.01
Ice-cream,	.20
Total,	\$1.52

Proceeds from baking powder, \$0.17

Proceeds from chocolate sauce, .51

Total receipts, \$0.68

Total expense, \$1.52

Total receipts, .68

Cost of supper, \$0.84

Cost per person, .21



"THE BLUE BIRDS"

Cost of supper for six

Spaghetti, 2 cans,	\$0.30
Butter, 1 lb.,	.36
Bread, 1 loaf,	.10
Apples, 1 doz.,	.05
Corn, $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. ears,	.15
Salt,	.01
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	.04
Saltines, 1 box,	.10

Total, \$1.11
Cost per person, .18 $\frac{1}{2}$

"THE LOONS"

Cost of Supper for four
Chicken, 3 lbs., \$0.66

Flour, 7 lbs.,	.35
Eggs, 1,	.03
Baking powder,	.06
Salt,	.01
Lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	.08
Milk, 1 qt.,	.06
Bread, 1 loaf,	.10
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.,	.15
Corn, 1 doz. ears,	.15
Pickles,	.10

Total,	\$1.78
Flour credited,	.28

Expense of supper,	\$1.55
Cost per person,	.39



Piki-da

XIV

MERMAIDS ON PARADE

OFTEN as the girls had sung of "The Lorelei," the witching creature who sits combing her locks with a golden comb, and by her voice luring sailors to destruction on the rocks at her feet, they had never expected to meet her on their journeys to and fro over Lake Sebago. But that, it appears, was only because they had never until this Wednesday happened to approach her haunts.

AN ENCHANTED ISLAND

They had started in the canoes for Wohelo Island, as they supposed, for the usual Wednesday night supper. But the "Red Beak" was towing them, and in the "Red Beak" sat Helpful, who was the head of that night's supper committee. Just before they reached Wohelo Island he gave an unexpected turn to the wheel and passed close to Ship Island, a little heap of white rocks, with a bare tree trunk standing straight in the middle like a

mast, a ghostly place which offered little temptation to human feet to land upon. But as they came near they spied, on the farthest rocky point of it, a figure in flowing sea-blue garments, who combed her long locks with a golden comb, and sang alluring melodies, though the "Red Beak" chugged so loudly they could scarcely hear her voice. As they circled the island, a group of fairies appeared, in snow-white robes with silver crowns on their soft hair, peeping out behind the rocks or stepping from stone to stone with bare, white feet, while in the heart of the island, close to the big tree, sat a grim old witch in a long black gown, with a peaked hat, muttering to herself and grinning weirdly.

Then the "Red Beak" stopped, and in a moment the girls were landing on the enchanted island, where the fairies gathered around and served them sandwiches and milk from their own ethereal hands.

"The Lorelei" and the witch ate with them as if they had known them always. And all this wonder and enchantment because they had come to a spot which all summer they had ignored! The fairies seemed to have worked some magic, for now that the girls had act-



The “form” He-ta-ya acquired during the summer



ually landed, they found it not at all difficult to pick their way across the rocks, and in the middle of the island was a hollow of solid land large enough to hold them all in perfect comfort.

Here they settled down around a cheerful fire for an evening of stunts and music. Te-ca-ya sang some gay little airs with her guitar, Ya-ke-ya told another story, and everyone who had not done a stunt during the whole summer was made to do something, be it ever so simple. Bye-and-bye, as the shadows grew deeper, the black witch crept out on a rock that rose higher than the rest, and began to chant of weird visions, while a low, moaning sound could be heard echoing her words from the darkness behind her. The words she said were strange, yet the names she used were familiar, and gradually it came to the minds of her listeners that she was forecasting the future of those who sat in the circle before her. They listened tensely, that not a word might be lost.

The mere thought of the future brought feelings that for the past few days they had been trying to keep from their minds, and though they laughed a great deal over the



prophecies, which were funny as might be, there was under the laughter a little wistful sadness, a drawing closer together as if some subtle consciousness told them all that the end of the summer's happiness was very near. At the evening's close Helpful interpreted all of this into tender melodies on his violin, which echoed long after in the hearts of the listeners. For this was to be the last gathering of the camp around a fire in the open, the quiet lull before the busy last two weeks, which were to be lived more or less in the eye of the public around Lake Sebago.

WATER SPORTS

That very Saturday the war-canoe, with a picked crew, went to the village to perform its prettiest manoeuvres and show the girls' kindly feeling for the village that had been so much a part of this summer. The people had gathered for an important base-ball game, and, the girls' share in the day's entertainment completed, they watched the game in delighted interest and with generous applause.

The next Monday afternoon all were invited to the neighboring boys' camp to see their water sports, and on Tuesday the boys



returned the compliment by attending water sports day at Sebago-Wohelo.

The day was perfect, a trifle cool in the morning, but warm enough by ten o'clock, when the sports began. The lake was dotted around the dock with launches and boats from neighboring camps and cottages, and the shore was lined with people, tiptoeing on the rocks or clinging to the trees in their effort to see every event. They held neat brown programs, mimeographed on the machine that did service for the copying of the Counts.

PROGRAM FOR WATER SPORTS DAY

- I War Canoe Manoeuvres.
- II Undress in Deep Water.
- III Demonstration of Tipping Over,
Righting and Emptying Canoe—
Ki-lo-des-ka and Helpful the Little.
- IV Interrupted Canoe Race.
- V Under Water Swim.
- VI Follow the Leader.
- VII Fearless Four.
- VIII Individual Tent Stunts:
(a) "The Loons" Playing Games.
(b) "Heavenly Rest"—Frye
Takes a Desperate Chance.



- (c) "The Kingfishers" Disappear.
 - (d) "The Dutchies" in a Folk Dance.
 - (e) "Niebelungen"—Wheelbarrow Race.
 - (f) "Fawassa" and "Top o' the Rocks" Run a Modern Laundry.
 - (g) "The Spiders"—Parachute Number.
 - (h) "The Blue Birds"—Life Saving Practice.
 - (i) "Heavenly II"—Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Alshine.
 - (j) "Heavenly I"—A Garden Party.
 - (k) A Burlesque.
 - (l) "The Chipmunks"—Pillow Case Race.
 - (m) "The - whip-por-wills"—Umbrella Race.
- IX** Tilting.
X Diving.
XI Final Plunge.



Ki-lo-des-ka in her birch bark canoe

CANOE AND SWIMMING PROWESS

The War-canoe manoeuvres came first. There were two crews, first the paddlers from Helpful's training, then the best from To-moke's, and it was surprising to see the progress both had made since the beginning of the regular morning drills. They paddled to and fro in the cove, changing at a moment's notice to "water wheel," "calisthenics," and all other strokes which they knew. At the call of "fainting stroke," every girl fell back on her



seat with a long, wailing sigh of exhaustion, and then with a musical "Whoo-oop" they were up and paddling again, before the people on shore had time to recover from their astonishment. This was the special stroke of the season, for which "The Heavenlies" claimed the inventor's patent.

Six girls, with middies and bloomers over their bathing suits, entered the contest for undressing in deep water, while two others stood on the raft to receive their clothes and call out their names as fast as they finished the stunt. Only one failed to leave her heap of wet garments on the raft before the contest was closed, with Ki-lo-des-ka the victor.

Ki-lo-des-ka and Helpful the Little had volunteered to show the tipping of a canoe, and, as they did it, it really seemed as easy as rolling off the proverbial log. They splashed together, both hanging on one side of the canoe, working so quickly that the water had no time to flow back. Then one ducked under the canoe and both jumped in from opposite sides at the same instant, and paddled back to shore.

The interrupted canoe race was between four pairs at first, and Ta-ku and Te-pe, who



brought up the rear, made fun for the company by calling out pleadingly to the others, "Wait for us! Wait for us!" and scolding each other for causing the delay. The race was then given again between the two winning pairs, each pair jumping out of the canoe, climbing in from opposite sides, and racing back to the dock.

Every girl who could swim under water, and that was about three-fourths of all in camp, lined up for the under water swim, each starting as the one ahead of her bobbed up from the water. In some cases that was a very short time, but He-wan-ka, Ki-lo-des-ka and one or two others swam out so far that the people on shore held their breath to watch them. He-wan-ka explained afterward that she had been taking long, deep breaths for several minutes before the contest, which made her able to swim much farther than she could otherwise have done!

"Follow the leader" was now in progress, with Te-pa at the head, leading a merry race through different kinds of dives, jumps, and swimming strokes about the dock. Then "The Fearless Four" came down the dock in lock step, and dove from the springboard one after



another, counting under water so as to come up at the same time. They swam in several strokes, counting eight strokes each time and keeping their movements together, swinging around in a pivot to bring themselves parallel to the dock and climbing out together.

STUNTS BY TENTS

After this came the tent stunts, which were gotten up for entertainment as well as for a display of skill. "The Loons" played leap-frog on the dock, each one jumping in when she reached the edge. "Heavenly Rest" acted out the Frye's Leap tradition from the "Heavenly Rock," with a broad hat to distinguish Frye, and gay colored blankets to mark the Indians in pursuit, who threw off their blankets and jumped bravely after the white man. "The Kingfishers" paddled out in their little canoe in comical imitation of the war-canoe, taking pains not to keep in time in a single stroke, and jumped overboard, disappearing under their overturned canoe, which gave them plenty of air to breathe while they swam back to shore.

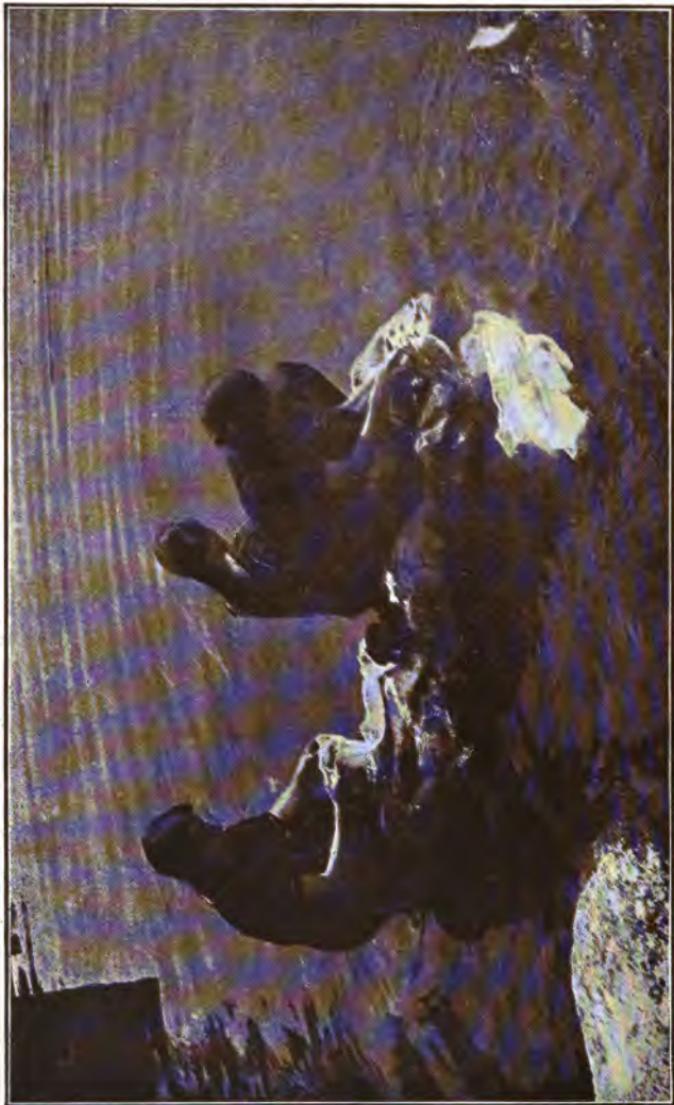
The sisters from Holland gave the dance that had won them so much applause at a



The tilting tournament

Council Fire. Their wooden shoes clumped merrily on the dock, and their bright red and blue costumes, with the wholesome, smiling faces above them, gave a touch of gaiety to the whole scene. At the end of the dance one of the sisters fell into the water, wooden shoes and all, and the other rescued her.

“Niebelungen” had a wheelbarrow race. Two of the girls were wheelbarrowed down the dock by the other two, and before the race ended all four were in the water. “Fawassa”



Wash day



and "Top o' the Rocks" represented the camp laundry, which is carried on by the side of the lake, but this time it was done with the aid of a "Puffing Porpoise" that rolled away through the water with middies to deliver to Ya-ke-ya, who sat in a rowboat acting the part of "Siren Seaweed, the Supersensitive Soaper, Scrubber and Starcher," and doing funny things with a cardboard eyeglass, making everyone laugh.

"The Spiders" had planned a dramatic parachute descent from the shack rock, which was accomplished by tying the corners of a sheet together, two at each end, and holding one end in each hand over their heads while they jumped off from the rock. The wind filled the parachutes and made the effect as picturesque as they had hoped it would be. The people, who had crowded down to watch them, stepped back now as they saw what was happening at the dock again. It was Wa-zi drowning herself, but He-wan-ka, her councilor, rescued her promptly and Fuzzie resuscitated her with great self-possession.

"The Heavenly Twins" had vied with each other in working up their performance. "Heavenly II" rendered "The Casting Away



Ready for the final plunge

of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Alshine," the pair who were so well prepared for a wreck that they were able to read while they swept themselves ashore with a broom. They reached shore, with their graceful bonnets and shawls a trifle the worse for wear, but Te-ca-ya declared that she would rather risk swimming for her life than floating on a water-soaked broom.

"Heavenly I" had been seen before the program burying a variety of objects under water in the quiet space between shore and the



arm of the dock. Can-zu now sat on the dock playing at "mother getting ready for the party," and sending her willing children down-stairs to bring her a comb, the silver, and various other articles, including a pitcher of milk for the baby, who sat by her side crying disgracefully. The children dove obediently, and were each rewarded by a banana, which they ate under water.

The boys also gave an imitation of the Frye's Leap episode, with Helpful the Little shaking too visibly with fear as he made the



"All in!"



perilous lead. Then "The Chipmunks" gave their pillow race, for which Kee-wee, with several helpers, had been blowing up the pillow cases which had been soaking in the water during most of the other acts. The race was very pretty, but scarcely more exciting than "The Whippies'" race that followed it, each girl carrying an open umbrella while she swam.

TILTING, DIVING, AND THE FINAL PLUNGE

It was now near noontime and the last three acts followed in quick succession. First came tilting, in which two girls stood in the ends of their canoes, each with a long pole well padded with burlap, and tried to push each other into the water without themselves sitting down. The girls who steered the canoes were skilful, and the contests were all interesting.

The diving was from the shack rock, which can be seen from the dock without much difficulty. Everyone who could dive at all did dive, and those who could not dive jumped, one after another. Some made fine, clean dives, some made poor ones, and brave Ca-du-



za, who had never gone off from the rock before, went down with something of uncertainty. He-ta-ya distinguished herself by a perfect angel dive, for the promise of the early summer had been fulfilled and she had become a rival of Ki-lo-des-ka in difficult diving.

The final plunge was simply the usual finish of the swimming hour,—all the girls lined up around the dock, on the springboard, on the box, on the high springboard, on the tower, and at a word from Ti-ya-ta all went in at once with a glorious splash.

Then all gathered around to congratulate the girls, Hiiteni, and Ti-ya-ta, who had been in charge of the day. Ti-ya-ta was happy because she had succeeded in her purpose of showing, not what remarkable things a few experts could do, but how the majority of the girls in camp had advanced in mastery of the water, in self-reliance, and in physical self-control that forms the best possible basis for higher forms of development and success. For these are the real purposes in the water sports of Wohelo.



To-mo-ker

XV

“FIRE’S GWINE OUT”

“Please keep watch, Mammy Moon,
De fire’s gwine out pretty soon!”

the girls had sung every Monday night at the Council Fire, when the coals were burning low; and now the fire of camp itself was “gwine out,” for this was the very last week.

But they did not intend to let the fire go out without a final blaze of glory. First of all they wanted to give a farce, something that should be just as silly as they pleased, as an outlet for feelings that were bubbling up more and more as their spirits reacted to glowing health. So Ce-ki-ca-ti, with two other councilors, wrote a farce for them, or, rather, outlined the plot and chose the characters, leaving the girls to fill out the lines to suit themselves. This plot will probably never become famous, but it was rich in the local thrusts that seemed intensely funny at the time; such, for instance, as Ca-du-za, the “solemn, solid butler,” an-



nouncing dinner to a fashionable house party by blowing a toy bugle, while Ta-ku, as the French maid, stood daintily holding his nose. The boys of the neighboring camp were invited for the entertainment.

TRANSFORMING THE BUNGALOW

It seemed that no sooner were the stage scenery and properties cleared away from the versatile bungalow, than came the day for the craft exhibit. It had really been several days, but everyone had been too busy preparing for the exhibit and the final Council Fire to realize how time was passing.

Tuesday afternoon found the craft-house a scene of haste and anxiety. On the lower floor Loh-ah was toiling with rare persistence over a bracelet that would not solder, while I-ma-ga-ga was fitting a *besel* for a silver ring. The floor above shook a little with the tread of those who were practicing for a new Camp Fire dance to be given at the Council Fire. Out on the porch were girls wood-blocking chiffon scarfs of dainty tints, which they were eager to take home as gifts for mother, sister, or friend. And just outside the craft-house others were busy at the dye-pails,



preparing costumes for the new dance which was being rehearsed. In the midst of all this came a call to come to the tennis court in ceremonial costume, as the light was just right for a photograph which Hiiteni wished to take. The photographs of camp are among the dearest treasures of every girl, but all would have been very willing just then to be photographed in their absence. The craft-craze had them in its grip.

When Wednesday's dinner began the bungalow was far from ready for the craft exhibit, which was to begin at half past three, but many hands did wonders with it during what should have been rest hour. They brought ferns and great branches of vividly colored leaves for decoration, they arranged the tables and brought armsful of craft things to place upon them, from the little house called "Wakana Hit," where they had been accumulating. "Wakana Hit" had been built for Timanous early in the summer, but he spent so little time at camp it had served many other purposes. The pottery had been standing here ever since it had been brought home from its baking oven in Boston, and here, too, Mna-ka and Ya-ke-ya had been busy over a box which



they decorated as a surprise for Hiiteni—but she had spoiled it all by walking in and finding them at work one day.

THE CRAFT EXHIBIT

Before the guests began to arrive everything was in order. The bungalow had been transformed into a bower of autumn beauty, and the tables were covered with wooden boxes, carved spoons, tiny balsam pillows in boxes decorated by wood-blocking, silver work of great variety, Count books, baskets and pottery. The weaving work, which was chiefly in the form of rugs, was well displayed on the large benches around the edges of the room, while the walls were hung with the ceremonial costumes, fascinating in the individuality shown in their decoration. The filmy scarfs fluttering from the tables gave a touch of softer beauty to the scene. But to the practical eye there was nothing more beautiful than the table full of canned fruit which stood in its own place near "The Blue Birds" tent, brave with a decoration of ferns.

In fact, it was almost as much of a revelation to the girls as to their guests to see all their work together and realize how much had

The craft exhibit





Craft-work

been done. They were enthusiastic over the large box that Mna-ka and Ya-ke-ya had decorated, and they whispered to each other of cedar chests which sometime in the future they would decorate with their symbols, as this had been decorated. They laughed over the rug in which one of the girls had woven a lock of auburn hair she had begged from Ca-du-za "to give just the touch of sunset color she wanted," and admired each other's rings and bowls and boxes with generous impartiality. As the Count said:



SEBAGO-WOHELO
CAMP FIRE GIRLS

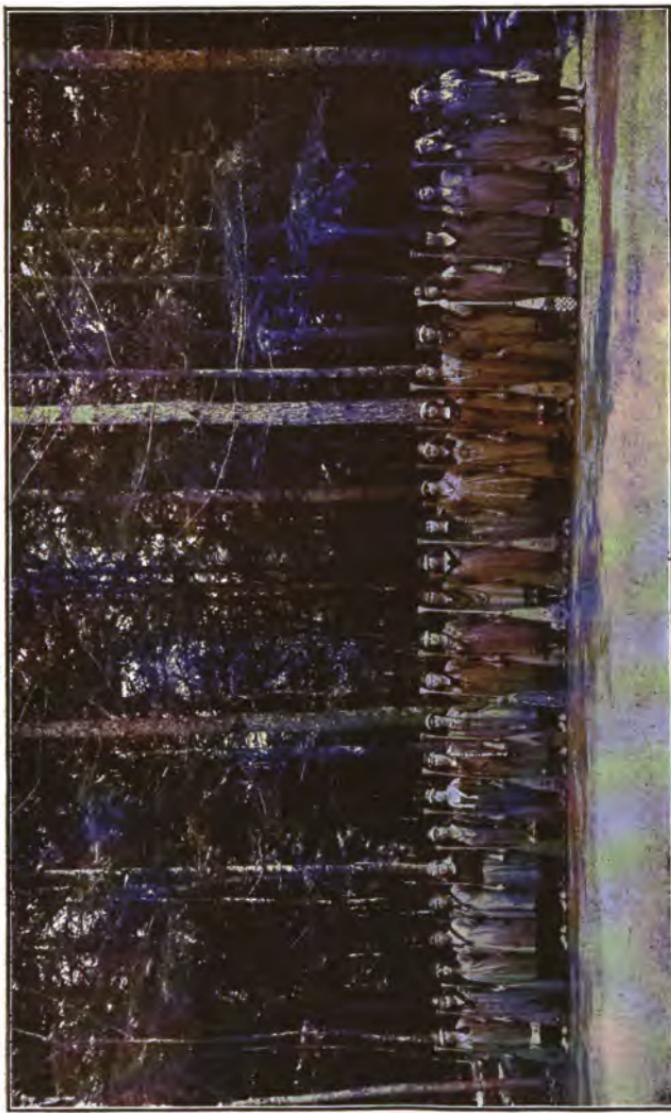
"Happy was the hum of voices,
Happier still the silent voices
Of the symbols of our craft work,
Speaking of our happy summer,
Telling tales of our ideals,
Council fire and pleasant mornings
When the lake smiled calmly at us,
And with work our hands were busy."

After the guests had fully complimented the exhibit they were invited to the tennis court for the folk dancing, in which were summed up the dances the girls had learned in their drills each day.

THE LAST COUNCIL FIRE

The girls came to supper in their ceremonial gowns, and, as the sun was setting earlier each week, they hastened to the rocks by the water's edge for the usual good-night to the Sun-Mother. On this last evening the sun veiled her face with clouds, but they sang to her just the same, knowing she was only hiding, and would smile again another day. Then they went quietly up the hill to the meeting place of the fire.

It was an eventful Council Fire in several ways. At noon that day votes had been taken



In ceremonial costume with decorated paddles



on many subjects, some of them funny, some serious; from "Who is the prettiest girl in camp?" to "Who has the best ceremonial costume?" and "Who is the most popular?" The answers to these questions were to be announced to the circle about the fire, and great was the tension with which they were awaited. The nonsensical ones had been answered in the spirit in which they were asked, Helpful the Great being judged the possessor of the prettiest ears, and "the best figure" being given to the stoutest girl in camp, who obligingly rose as awkwardly as she could at the demand and allowed her form to be viewed.

There was no jest, however, about voting Ma-na's simple, but well planned ceremonial gown the best, and when it came to the last—the important question of camp spirit—no trifling had entered into the matter at all. Everyone knew that the buffalo robe, with all the symbols for four summers past, would go this year to the girl who had won this vote. She who won it might well be happy, for it meant that her leadership had been recognized, that she had been loved by all, and had sunk her own wishes in the doing of those things which were for the general happiness.



There was a great cheer when the robe was awarded to He-ta-ya, and though it was announced that Da-su the Twin had made a close second and Ma-na a third, there seemed to be little doubt that of all the fine, capable girls of camp He-ta-ya, with her skill in water sports, her gift of song, her power of leadership, had best deserved the honor. As for He-ta-ya, she could say nothing when the robe was given her, but went back to her seat in the circle shaking with sobs.

After this the water-witches were duly appointed by Ti-ya-ta, and the final tent inspection report for the summer was read. Then the circle sang camp songs, while a stage was being made ready for the Pantomime of the Seasons, in which every tent had a part. The stage was just the little rise of ground opposite the fireplace and the curtain was lifted and dropped by Helpful and To-mo-ke. Embers, who had written the poem, read it and directed the action, with Little Daylight standing by her side to give the hand-sign for each moon, or month, as it was announced. The girls had planned their own action in most of the scenes, and some of it was very amusing, as when the Camp Fire Girls were shown sowing seeds in



the spring and the flowers (three girls hidden under a blanket) sprang up at their bidding, or when another group made the sun rise by lifting a lantern slowly up from behind a poncho.

"June, or the Rose Moon," was kept to the last, for this was to be illustrated by the dance for which the girls had been practicing so faithfully under Embers' direction. The purpose of the dance, which had been planned by To-mo-ke, was to express growth, and that which reaches out to others, then the Camp Fire ideals of Work, Health, and Love, expressed by postures and motions full of reverence and grace, and, last, the circling figures danced the seven laws of Camp Fire, interpreting each with exquisite appeal to the imagination.

The effect is described in the Count that was written after camp had closed, while the memory of the dance still clung with its haunting, mystic beauty:

"Flashed the colors, red, blue, yellow,
In and out among the seven green —
White arms lifted up in dancing,
White feet glancing, leaping, turning,
While the moonlight and the firelight



Seemed to brightly say together:
‘By our light we help to show you
This symbolic dance, ‘Wohelo.’”

So the last Council Fire closed with one of the loveliest of the summer visions—a gathering into the poetry of motion the essence of the summer’s meaning. There was scarcely need of good-night songs to bring the sense of reverence and mystery which always fell over the circle before the evening was at an end.

THE “KAPICA”

But the prose of parting was waiting in the bungalow next morning in the form of trunks to be packed, bundles of blankets to be made ready—in short, all of the work of the day of arrival to be reversed with no less excitement and bustle. Breakfast was served on the hillside, for the bungalow was still in the sway of the craft exhibit, and after breakfast there was a long wait while pictures were taken of that same craft work in all its splendor. But when the anxious packers were admitted everything speedily dropped from the walls and jumped from the tables into the trunks which were brought from the loft.

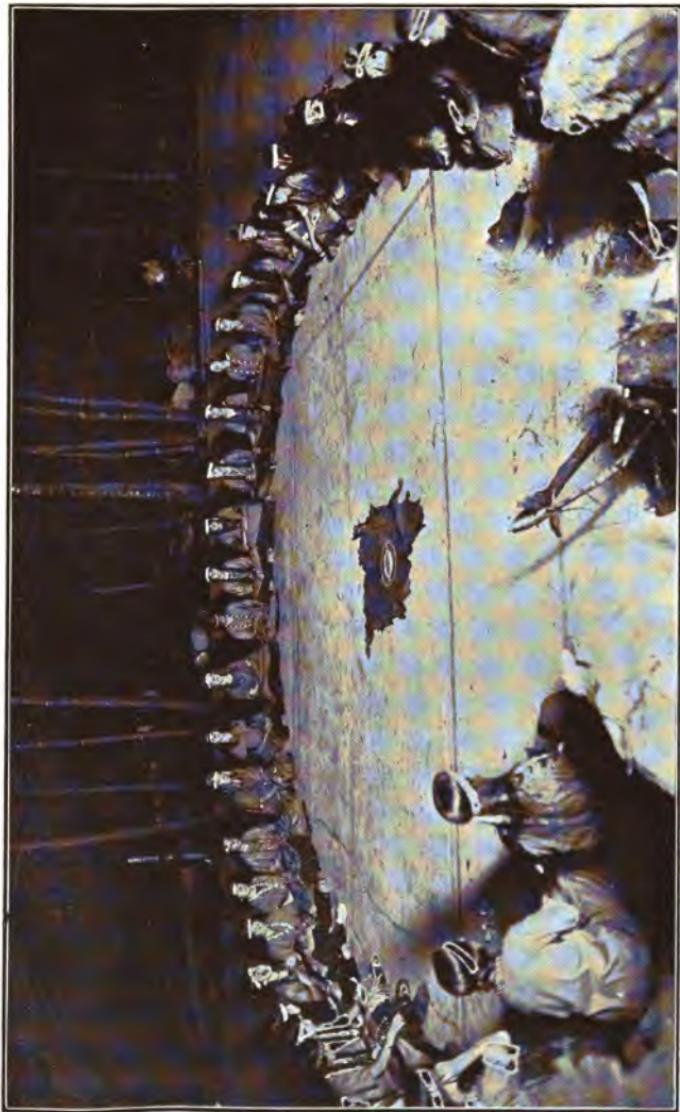


Only the councilors had a thought for anything but packing. They had been seen making mysterious visits to the tennis court, and soon the secret crept out—there was to be a banquet! It was the first time in the history of camp that such a thing had happened, and they called it the first annual "Kapica," an Indian word which signifies that the people who are attending the feast simply cannot bear to be separated.

The tables were set in a circle on the court, with flaming leaf branches arching over where two tables met, and glowing Japanese lanterns hanging between the branches. At the middle of the first table stood a large chair, much decorated, waiting for Hiiteni. When the bugle sounded all met at the bungalow and marched to the tennis court with their hands on each other's shoulders. At the end of each course they left their places, marched around to music and sat down when the music stopped, in "going-to-Jerusalem" style.

Clever menus, made on rough gray paper with wood-blocked decorations, were at the places, and the names of the dishes written on them sounded exceedingly foreign—so much so that they almost defied translation.

Around the council fire





Once or twice during each course Ce-ki-ca-ti rose and announced that Hiiteni had a speech to make, which surprised Hiiteni as much as anyone. But she really had several things to say and gifts to give, which she did from time to time. There were fire-making sets for the girls who had learned to make fire in the primitive way, Wohelo symbols to wear on headbands or sweaters for the girls who had excelled in various crews, etc., so that before the evening was over many maidens were made both happy and proud. A silver Wohelo symbol was presented to He-ta-ya, for the buffalo robe could be kept for but one year, while this simple token of the honor which had been given to her was her very own, to be treasured "forever."

After the feast Ce-ki-ca-ti called on each of the councilors for a speech, and the councilors altogether retaliated by calling upon Ce-ki-ca-ti for "a few remarks," which she made in her own inimitable way, to the delight of everyone. Then Hiiteni was made to climb up on a table, which the girls carried round and round the tennis court, singing to her out of their very hearts the only camp song that in any degree expressed their feeling for the



one to whom, first of all, their summer's happiness was due:

TO HIITENI

“On Sebago’s sparkling waters
There’s a band of Indian maids.
They are all Wokanda’s daughters,
And good cheer there never fades.”

Chorus:

“It is our Camp Wohelo,
It is our dear camp home,
And ’tis there that every summer
We so long to live and roam.

“We love our Indian mother,
And we know she loves us, too;
May Wohelo live forever,
And to her we’ll e’er be true.”

Hiiteni laughed a little at finding herself carried so high in the air, but her eyes were wet when at last she was lowered and helped down from her somewhat precarious position. Every tribute of appreciation and gratitude paid to her by her girls touched her mother—heart deeply.



"UNTIL ANOTHER SUMMER"

Sleep came slowly that night, and to some scarcely at all. "The Heavenlies" sat up a long time, loth to miss a minute when they could be together, and the girls in each of the different tents might be found clinging close to each other, realizing, on this last night, that whatever happy days another summer might bring, *this* summer could never come again! But all rose easily, and, dressed in those dreadful city clothes, ate a hurried breakfast, finished writing in everyone's address book, looked after tags on trunks, and at last stood waiting for the boat, looking more and more disconsolate every minute. Then Ce-ki-ca-ti suggested going to the craft-house to sing.

It was a solemn little procession that went to the familiar place, now strangely desolate. They sang the songs that had so many times stirred them to laughter, and then drifted into the serious ones, saying to themselves over and over, "The last time, the last time!" To-he-ca, supposedly one of the most irresponsible children of camp, wept in the corner without reproof, and I-ma-ga-ga, who had cried herself nearly ill with homesickness when she first came to camp, sat weeping now for the leav-



ing it. Perhaps others wanted to cry, too. It had been a happy summer, and this was indeed "The last time."

The boat came, and those who were to remain in camp for a little while longer went down to the dock to sing a good-by cheer. Ki-lo-des-ka slipped on the boat with the departing maidens, and when they had gone a little way from dock made a dive from the bridge of the boat, while the little group on shore kept things waving, black middie ties, then towels and sheets, as long as the boat was in sight. The girls afterward sent back an amusing Count of their homeward trip, by which Hiiteni knew that not a good-by wave had been wasted, and that under Ti-ya-ta's care the girls had reached home safely.

Later came a happy sequel when the letters began to arrive, some from the mothers, telling how happy they were over all that the summer had done for their daughters, some from the girls themselves, full of love and gratitude, of the new vigor gained for the days and the years that lay before them, and plans for returning when summer should come again.

The little white tents seemed empty in-



deed to those who were left behind, and soon they, too, packed their trunks and their memories and sped cityward, leaving the camping place by the lakeside alone with its dreams and its stillness, until, when another year has come, when the winter snows are melted and the woods and lake are bright with summer sunshine, the Call of the Camp shall be heard, and its tents again be filled with laughter.



Te-ca-ya

Good Night Song.

Words and music by Clara E. Hallard.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and C major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves contain the first two lines of the song. The third staff begins with "Now all Camp Fire maidens to Slumber-land must go;" followed by the lyrics "peace or the lapping water; The peace of the still star". The fourth staff continues with "light; The peace of the fire-lit for-est Be with us through the night; The peace of our fire-lit faces Be with us through the night:

Now our Camp Fire fadeth,
Now the flame burns low,
Now all Camp Fire maidens to Slumber-land must go;
peace or the lapping water; The peace of the still star
light; The peace of the fire-lit for-est Be with us through the night;
The peace of our fire-lit faces Be with us through the night:

SYMBOLIC NAMES OF SEBAGO-WOHELO CAMP FIRE GIRLS

Ca-du-za	<i>Strong Current.</i>
Can-zu	<i>To be firm of heart.</i>
Ce-ki-ca-ti	<i>To make fire for someone.</i>
Da-su,	<i>To finish.</i>
Dis-ya-di	<i>Moon child.</i>
Ek-o-le-la	<i>To continue to grow.</i>
Embers	<i>Fire dreams.</i>
Fuzzie (A "Blue Bird")	
Ga-oh	<i>Spirit of the wind.</i>
Ge-me-wun-ac	<i>Bird that flies through the rain.</i>
He-ta-ya	<i>Against wind or current.</i>
He-wan-ka	<i>To brood over.</i>
Hiiteni	<i>Life, more life.</i>
Ho-sa	<i>Little Crow (chosen "just caws")</i>
I-kan-ya-dan	<i>Keep near to.</i>
'I-ma-ga-ga	<i>To enliven; cheer, amuse.</i>
Kani-da-ka	<i>A lover of nature.</i>
Kee-wee	<i>Rainbow maid.</i>
Ki-lo-des-ka	<i>Water-bird.</i>
Loh-ah	<i>Reaching toward the sun.</i>
Ma-na	<i>Grow like the green pine.</i>
Mna-ka	<i>To weave.</i>
Ni-ma-ha	<i>Misty-water.</i>
Pi-ki-da	<i>To be glad.</i>
Su-ni	<i>To do more than is required.</i>